NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

SIMAS KUDIRKA LANDS IN AMERICA

THE ORDEAL OF AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

George H. Nash

ALSO ARTICLES AND REVIEWS BY:

Brian Crozier ■ James Burnham ■ George F. Will
D. Keith Mano ■ Ruth Berenson ■ David Brudnoy
Edwin M. Yoder Jr. ■ [illegible]

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Of Buckley in the UN, whom W.C. Fields would have tagged the Ethiopian in the fuel supply, one wonders: why would anyone appoint to the world's most elevated debating society a guy who's been skewering it for years, and why would he accept? To Do Some Good on the Human Rights Committee (and, incidentally, occupy – happy irony – the same chair Mrs. Roosevelt held): this, Buckley's reason. And the government's? Some Nixonian whimsy, maybe, but officially: to ably fill the yearly rotating public delegate position.

The UN will survive Bill Buckley, whose influence, he makes perfectly clear, was nearly zilch, his freedom to make independent speeches proclaiming human rights virtually non-existent, his notorious agility with words no match for the ideologized Third Worldly zealots.

In a forum where, as Buckley observes, the causes of everything wicked are labeled colonialism, imperialism, racism (i.e., by whites against non-whites), and economic inequality, that Buckleyan urge to strip off the mask of Soviet hypocrisy and throttle the likes of Saudi Arabia's Jamil Baroody, the UN's premier windbag – that urge must be, if not resisted, at least accepted for what it is: a private quirk, let us call it sanity in a madhouse.

Realizing that his role would be exiguous, Buckley set about keeping a journal, lest he "emerge the screwee." This is the result, a gently phrased yet devastating dissection of the futility of injecting reason and/or truth into UN discourse, beautifully exposing those empty formulae comprising the ritual dance among good guys as well as bad down at the East River.

It is a burden killing both to spirit and worthy causes, this participation in the rhetoric of lies and drivel signifying nought but the determination of the culpable to locate guilt elsewhere. The book's power is that it impels the reader onward, as if masochistically, to discover how UN-speak substitutes for international communication. It's vintage Buckley: masterfully phrased, deliciously wry, elegant in tone but weighty in intent, which here demonstrates why the UN is a snare, and a delusion.

Boston Globe

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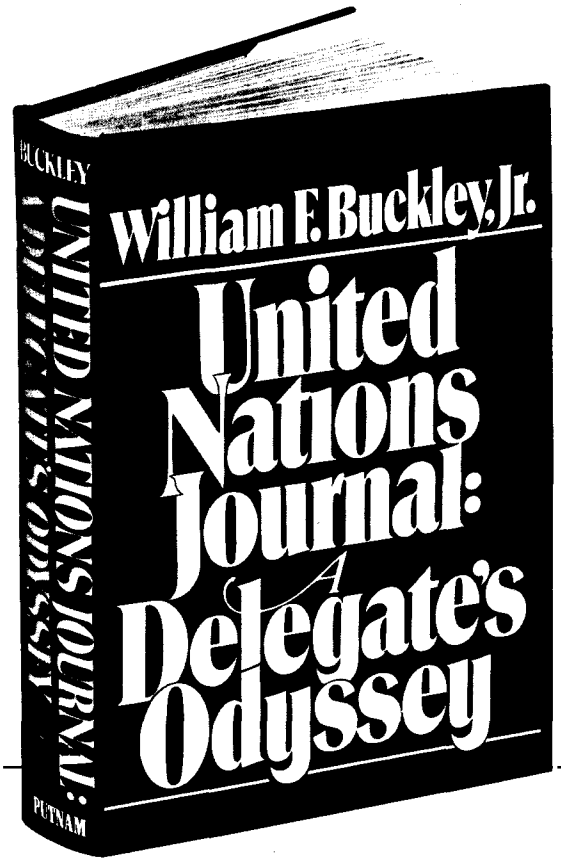

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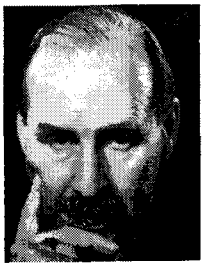

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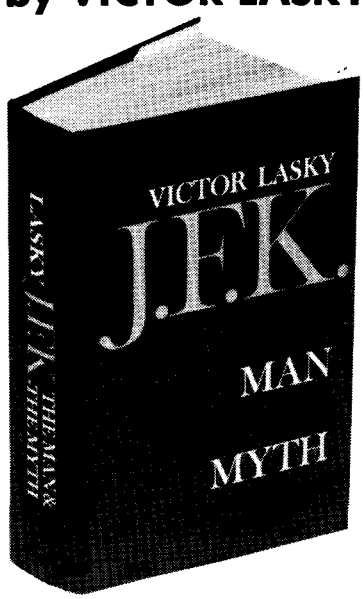

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Letters

Hail to the Chief

With Jeffrey Hart's analysis ["The Presidency: Shifting Conservative Perspectives?" Nov. 22], I have no quarrel (although, in listing changes that have occurred in our Federal Government in the last two decades, I would add that the increasingly cumbersome process of getting a bill through Congress has helped create a vacuum for the Executive and the courts to flow into).

However, Mr. Hart's suggestion seems potentially as dangerous as his analysis is correct. Conservatives, of all people, should be reluctant to trust anyone with as much power as Mr. Hart would willingly give the President. In the first place, can one man really do effective battle against the troops arrayed against him? Ronald Reagan strove valiantly to debureaucratize California, but without too much effect. In the second place, this notion would be safe only as long as the President is our man, and we can't count on him always to be our man. Power has a momentum of its own; if the wrong man got in in '76, it would take us a while to reshift our attitudes and mobilize behind the Congress.

Hoping for the best sometimes helps to bring it about, but it's as well to have alternative plans ready in case the worst happens instead.

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOT

Southie

I was reading your magazine in my biology class when my teacher, passing by my desk, caught the title of David Brudnoy's article "Fear and Loathing in Boston" [Oct. 25]. Because she is an outspoken liberal and a proponent of busing, I found her remark amusing: "Those damned Irish Catholics are the most prejudiced bigots in the world."

McLean, Va. R. RUSSELL MARTIN

I would like to add one point to David Brudnoy's excellent "Fear and Loathing in Boston": the raison d'etre of forcible school integration—that it is done with and to small children—is precisely its most pernicious feature. The integrationists, betraying their ignorance both of an open society and of children, say that the only way to eradicate race hatred is to catch 'em young, before they are inculcated with their parents' prejudices.

There are at least two flaws in this reasoning, over and above the probability of psychological damage to individual children. The first is that except in a totalitarian state, children cannot be insulated from their communities' beliefs. The other is that, however sweet a particular child may be, a crowd of children will tend to be vicious and intolerant. If they taunt other children for being fat or skinny or wearing glasses or dressing funny, how on earth can anyone suppose they will not taunt other children for being a different color?

Minneapolis, Minn. HOWARD CREEL

On Liberty

The problem, it seems to me, with both Gertrude Himmelfarb's book on Mill's *On Liberty* and the review of it by Stephen Tonsor [Sept. 13] is that such theoretical works always drift toward "historical" works when they are faced with what they consider aberrations in the thought of great minds. In the case at hand Miss Himmelfarb resolves the "schizophrenic disjunction" of Mill's *On Liberty* with the rest of his thought by introducing Harriet Taylor as Mill's intellectual prime mover.

Would it not have been a more moderate and prudent position to begin from the thought that we may not be the equals of Mill? And hence, what appears at first as a "disjunction" in his thought might upon further reflection become consistent with the whole of his political theory? Such a view might even lead one to the tentative thesis that *On Liberty* might be Mill's most prudential work, and not, as is usually supposed, his most radical. Mill was conscious of 1) the rush toward democracy as *the* form of government and 2) the fact that democracies are not inherently liberal but tend toward tyrannies of sorts. As a result the most prudent activity for Mill to pursue would have been to give an apparent theoretical call to liberty, which he was quite aware would soon be dogmatized by those very

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same tyrannical and intolerant democracies: thus effecting in the democracies, in spite of themselves, a *custom* of liberty.
Chicago, Ill. GARY SCHMITT

Nyet?

Michael Kelly [Oct. 25] somewhat overstates the arguments against the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project (ASTP). Design of Apollo and Soyuz began in 1962; consequently the technology in both spacecraft is obsolescent. It is doubtful that even an outright gift of an Apollo command and service module would acquaint the Russians with anything not already incorporated in their newest generation of ICBMs. What the Soviet space program is most in need of, apparently, is "software" —quality control, management methods, checkout procedures, and the like. I suspect this type of knowhow would be hard to transfer.

There is one aspect of ASTP which will benefit us more than it will the Soviets, though it may be impolite to mention. In 1970, when design studies of the space shuttle began, NASA was thinking about a space flight date of 1977. The space agency's infamous budget woes have forced postponement of such a flight until at least mid-1979. Meanwhile, the last Skylab mission ended in February of this year. Without ASTP, there would be at least a five-year gap between American manned space programs. Such a hiatus would necessitate an extensive—and costly —rebuilding of our manned space capabilities, at best. It might lead to abandonment of the entire program.
Downey, Calif. MIKE SHUPP

Enemies and Competitors

Mr. Demir Inal, in a letter to *NR* [Nov. 8], states: "If Turks had wanted, there wouldn't have been one single Greek-speaking Greek Orthodox left even in Greece itself." This is quite true, as it is equally true that there is not one single Armenian-speaking Armenian left in the Armenian regions of Asia Minor. But this kind of argument shows precisely why the Greeks are the fair-haired boys of the world and the Turks are something else.

More pertinent is the question of whether the Nixon-Kissinger-Ford "even-handed" policy vis-a-vis Greece and Turkey is a wise one. As an American of Greek descent, I would be deeply disturbed if I felt that the interests of Greece and the United States were basically opposed. The reverse, however, happens to be true. For Greece is a natural ally of the United States, as are Israel, Taiwan, Japan, and Europe, in the conflict with the tyrannical, Communistic part of the world.

It is time we thought a few things through. Trade is good; trade staves off depression; but abandoning allies for the sake of trade, disliking competitors more than enemies, is folly.
Brooklyn, N.Y. PETER MITILINEOS

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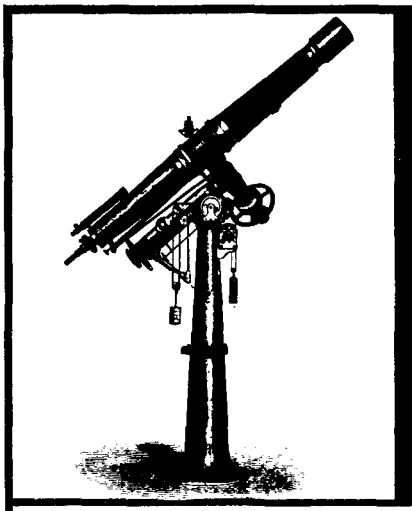

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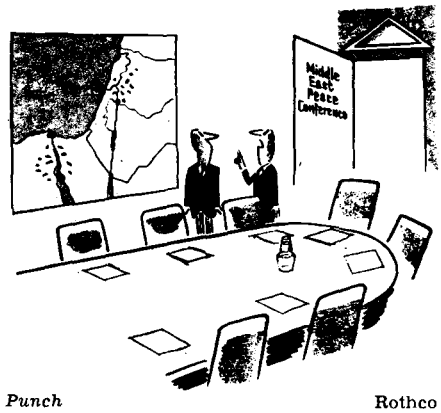
FOR THE RECORD

■ Sen. **John Tower** on the Republican Party, post-Nov. 5: "It would be as difficult [moving the Republican Party left] as moving the Democratic Party right." . . . **Dick Smith**, head of the Young Republicans, agrees, says the GOP must remain conservative, and has blasted the Ripon Society for suggesting that the Republicans can win elections only by nominating liberals to office. . . . Nov. 5 was, however, a disaster for **House conservatives**. Of the 36 Republicans who lost, 25 were members of the conservative Steering Committee, only one of the liberal Wednesday Club. . . . New York Congressman **Peter Peyser** believes House Republicans need a more liberal chief than Minority Leader **John Rhodes** (Ariz.), but his move to oust Rhodes isn't gaining much headway. Conservative Rep. **Barber Conable** (N.Y.) disagrees. "Why," he asks, "fragment the fragment with a leadership fight?" . . . Gentlemanly: retiring Democratic Sen. **Alan Bible** (Nev.) will resign early to give his Republican successor **Paul Laxalt** a seniority step-up in the Senate Class of '74.

■ **Ronald Reagan** won't be losing his platform when he moves out of Sacramento in January. He plans to syndicate a five-minute radio commentary five days a week and write a column. . . . Another conservative to go into syndication (Universal Press Syndicate —that's the outfit that syndicates **Wm. A. Rusher**, **Garry Wills**, and **Jerry ter-Horst**) is *NR* contributor **David Brudnoy**. . . . On the liberal side, *New Republic* announces that it will bring out a biweekly newsletter the *Washington Spectator* edited by **Tristram Coffin** in January. (Could that mean that *New Republic* itself may go biweekly à la *NR* and *NR Bulletin* formula?). . . . **Robert Sherrill** (he wrote the blast on Chappaquiddick in the *New York Times* last summer) has signed with



Punch Rothco

"You'll need a soft pencil and a large eraser."

Dial for a book on the Kennedy family.

■ Names in the news, new and old: **Daniel P. Moynihan** will be resigning as ambassador to India momentarily, plans to teach a course at Harvard in the spring (Feb.) semester. . . . The **Randolph Hearsts** have withdrawn their $50,000 reward for safe return of their daughter **Patty.** They fear it might jeopardize her safety. . . . **Dean Rusk**, who was so badly treated for serving **LBJ** so loyally, has said no to offer of ambassadorship to London. "Under no circumstances would I accept another public office on any level or for any purpose." . . . The late **Adam Clayton Powell Jr.** may have a 45-block-long section of Seventh Avenue in Harlem named after him. . . . A group of World War II fliers, rescued by General **Mikhailovich** and his **Chetniks** when they were shot down over Yugoslavia, are trying to raise a monument to Mikhailovich as a way of "discharging our debt of honor to a gallant man." Mikhailovich was executed by **Tito** at the end of the war. (Address: Rm. 1232, Pennsylvania Bldg., 425 13th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.)

■ On defense matters: A surprising Opinion Research Corporation poll shows 86 per cent of Americans believe the U.S. should have a military **research and development** program at least as large as that of the Soviet Union, and 74 per cent do not trust the Soviet Union to keep the **strategic arms limitation agreement**. . . . In that context, Sens. **James L. Buckley** and **Harry Byrd** (Va.) wrote President **Ford** on Nov. 6 charging the Soviet Union with cheating on SALT. The Buckley-Byrd letter, timed to reach Mr. Ford before his meeting with **Brezhnev** in Vladivostok, says the U.S. Congress has been "seriously misled" about American strategic strength. . . . Dr. **Malcolm Currie**, research chief of the Defense Department, says there are indications the Russians have developed missile systems sufficiently accurate to knock out some U.S. underground missile sites. . . . On his return from Russia, Sen. Buckley stopped in Bonn and gave **West German** officials a list of 6,000 families of German origin now living in Kazakhstan who want to leave the Soviet Union. The list was given to Buckley by **Andrei Sakharov**. . . . The German Red Cross reports that, presumably as a result of **Willy Brandt**'s *Ostpolitik*, Russia and some of the East European satellites have allowed 20,000 emigrants of German descent to move West this year.

■ Three Latin American notes: President **Juan Maria Bordaberry** announces the devaluation of the Uruguayan peso, the 31st devaluation since March 1972. . . . **Fidel Castro** conferred on **Yasir Arafat** the National Order of the Bay of Pigs during Arafat's Cuban stay (other winners: **Yuri Gagarin**, **Angela Davis**). . . . And Venezuelans applying for driving licenses in the future will have to pass a psychiatric test of aggression. "We're going to ensure that potential assassins are kept off the roads," says Health Minister **Blas Bruni Celli.**

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Parallax

It was quite disappointing to read Philip Nobile and Lee Eisenberg's attempted pan of *The Parallax View* [Nov. 8]. Though it would be too painful to examine the piece line by line, I feel bound for the reviewers' enlightenment to answer a couple of their rhetorical questions.

"Question: How in blazes does Parallax learn that editor Cronyn is in cahoots with Beatty? Sure, maybe it tapped his phone. Maybe it broke into his wife. Maybe it planted a bug in his pickle. Maybe a million things. The film gives no clue to how Parallax found out about Cronyn's involvement." And rightly so, it being totally irrelevant. The salient aspect of the scene is that, with the murder of Cronyn, the audience first realizes Parallax's virtual omnipotence. The screenwriters were quite correct in leaving the matter unresolved. *The Parallax View* is attempting to deal with a technological mystique, the anonymous, super-efficient corporation. Besides being unnecessarily time-consuming, removing the ambiguity would destroy a lot of the psychological impact. As with magic tricks and rainbows, much of the awe depends on not knowing how it was done.

"Question: What if Beatty hadn't panicked in the rafters? Parallax would have been up the creek. Why would they take such a gamble? Also, notwithstanding the setup, Beatty has a solid alibi—he has no idea Cronyn is dead. His fingerprints aren't on the murder gun and his handwriting is on the airplane warning note. Reason demands that he surrender to the police and put Parallax out of commission with his story." Obviously Parallax would not take such a gamble, and Beatty, being a bit more adept at applying reason to such demanding situations than his reviewers, panicked because he knew his problem was not the lack of a solid alibi, but the fact that he wasn't going to live much longer. Did Messrs. Nobile and Eisenberg think that whoever shot the unarmed Beatty at pointblank range was merely an officer of the law making an innocent mistake? A pair of Sherlock Holmeses, those two.

Providence, R.I. JIM FRAZER

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THE WEEK

■ "Giving money away was a means of attaching people to himself; a kind of Devil's sacrament—'This is my money . . .' At Christmas time his smart lady friends could count on receiving a cheque, and Lord Ismay told me that when, in the 1939-45 war, he joined Churchill's *apparat*, the first thing Beaverbrook did was to offer him money, which, however, he prudently declined, realizing instinctively that it would involve a dangerous servitude. Aneurin Bevan, too, told me that at one point Beaverbrook wanted to take him on to his payroll at a large figure, but, like Ismay, he saw the danger, and turned the offer down, contenting himself with drinking champagne at Beaverbrook's table and enjoying the company he met there—a strange taste for so fervid and sharp a mind. Money was really the only thing Beaverbrook believed in or cared about; it was the source of such power as he exercised, both within the organization of his newspapers and in the larger world of politics. It was also the reason that, in the end, despite the huge circulations he commanded, and his intimacies with the leading politicians of his time, his influence was negligible. Money is a fragile power base to operate from, and can no more procure lasting influence than sensual pleasure can lasting affection."

—From *The Infernal Grove*,
by Malcolm Muggeridge

■ "Lead us not into Penn Station," New Yorkers say, and for a while Amtrak was doing its best to answer their prayer. A year ago, only 63 per cent of Amtrak trains were on time—even according to Amtrak's Newspeak definition of "on time" as within six minutes of what the schedule says. By this September, however, 83 per cent of Amtrak trains were on time, and they were carrying more passengers than a year ago. With any luck, the railways might someday return to their 1920 level of performance. That's progress.

■ In a move that should crimp the style of the so-called public interest law firms, the IRS has issued private rulings to two California firms saying that they can accept fees awarded by a court or public agency only up to half of their litigation budgets. A lawyer for one of the firms blamed Nixon holdovers in the IRS for the rulings and said they would prevent the development of new firms.

■ A congressional study committee has recommended that Congress broadcast its sessions on radio and television. Congress, you see, "is at a communications disadvantage relative to the executive branch." Ever wonder why, congressmen? People who utter sentences like that can expect to *stay* at a communications disadvantage, relative to damn near *anything*. NATIONAL REVIEW's recommendation: pantomimic dramatizations of the *Congressional Record*.

■ Here's another one of those cases that bear on the state of law enforcement. Last week in Indianapolis a young mother was abducted, raped, and locked in the trunk of her car. Her baby was thrown out of the car and left to die of exposure. A suspect was soon arrested. It turned out that he had been arrested on two previous occasions for raping women and stuffing them in the trunks of their autos, and he was free on bond in a triple murder case at the time of his arrest.

■ Man does not live by bread alone. Not in Chad, anyway. President N'Garta Tombalbaye has now banned all American relief efforts for starving Chadians because he is angry about a *New York Times* article charging corruption in his government's distribution of American grain. Tombalbaye took this as an implied slur on his wife, who he says can't be a crook simply because she is "an illiterate, which is the way I wish it—it's better." It might be better if Tombalbaye too were an illiterate. Then he wouldn't read the *Times*, and a good many of his people might be doing without the benefits of starvation.

■ Richard Deacon, former foreign manager of the London *Sunday Times*, has just published a book which claims that at least 15 per cent of the Chinese restaurants in Britain are involved in spying for the People's Republic. One chain of restaurants, in fact, is owned and operated by the Chinese government. Deacon says the Chinese have a detailed dossier on Harold Wilson, as well as "confidential reports on at least 15 influential members of the Labor Party whom they believe to be secret supporters and informants of the Soviet Union."

■ Where are they now? Soviet authorities waited patiently until the attention of the world shifted from Moscow's modern and nonconformist artists, but they didn't forget about them. Aleksandr Glazer, recognized as the leader of the nonconformist artists, was recently taken to secret police headquarters where he was interrogated for ninety minutes and promised prosecution if he didn't cease trying to organize other exhibitions. But Glazer was luckier than another exhibitor, Aleksandr Pennamen, who is now in a mental hospital. Viktor Tupitsin, a mathematician friendly with the renegade artists, has been fired from his job and warned that if he continued to associate with the artists he would be "crushed like a grain of sand."

■ "Attention Wild Geese Club," read the ads in the South African newspapers. "Active young ex-service-

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men" are invited to a reunion dinner next month in Johannesburg. The "Wild Geese" were last seen in the Congo (now Zaire) in the mid-Sixties, fighting for Tshombe against the UN, Kasavubu, Mobutu, et al. This time the fight looms in Angola, which the dinner's organizers don't want to go the way of Mozambique.

■ Christmas shoppers at a very posh New York store may notice this year that the holiday help is middle aged and older. The management, undesirous of being ripped off by its part-time employees this year, gave job applicants a lie-detector test which the Pepsi generation by and large flunked.

■ "*Appellation contrôlée*" is an appellation the French do not take lightly, it being permitted only on those certain bottles of wine that are made from certain brands of grapes grown in certain areas of Bordeaux. Wines made from these grapes are not to be mixed with wine made from any other grapes, not if "*appellation contrôlée*" is to appear on the label. So then one can imagine what happened when it was alleged the other day that not only had four million bottles of Bordeaux been tampered with, treated with chemicals, even mixed with wines from Provence, from Provence from which comes much of the wine whose appellation is the lowly *ordinaire* . . . So the villainous mixers are brought to court where things go from confused to worse, when an expert brought in to testify to the provenance of the *vins* admits he can't infallibly tell a St. Emilion from a Languedoc. While all this goes on, the prices of Bordeaux—Grand Crus, Chateaux, "*appellation contrôlée*" and doctored—tumble.

■ The present price of sugar will save more lives than seat belts, Salk vaccine, and nuclear deterrence put together. But please, can we have cyclamates back?

■ ERA freaks might note that when Ms. Stacey Lamor was arrested recently for trotting down Washington Street in Bremerton, Wash., wearing only red boots, she was sentenced to a mere 18 days in jail, and that on vagrancy charges (no visible means of support?).

■ When President Ford called Al Kaline to congratulate him on the occasion of his 3,000th base hit, he read from a secret script, prepared by a close aide, directing him in the niceties of Kaline's career and personal life. How do we know such White House intimacies? That's easy—we read Jack Anderson, whose tentacles extend into all the secret counsels of government, and who may one day get a call from Representative Michael Harrington, congratulating him on his 3,000th successful theft.

■ Mr. Blue Chip, a racing pigeon from Leigh, England, recently arrived home after completing the cross-channel race from Rennes, France seven years and two months late.

■ "To fill his top appointive offices with first-rate men, therefore, required of [Governor] Stevenson a great persuasive talent and administrative ingenuity. In nearly every case the man he wanted could accept appointment only at a considerable financial sacrifice—and he felt himself to be deeply indebted, in a personal way, for the sacrifices these others made. He sought to discharge this responsibility by making cash gifts at Christmas time to those whose services and sacrifices were greatest. For this he used some thousands which remained in his personal campaign treasury after . . . all his campaign debts had been paid. But most importantly he used a fund of ten thousand or so which had been made up, on their own initiative, by Dutch Smith and others of his well-to-do Chicago friends. ('He's down there fighting to give us decent government, using some of his own money to do it,' said Dutch to his friends. 'We have an obligation to help him out.')" This from a 1957 book by Kenneth S. Davis, *A Prophet in His Own Country: The Triumphs and Defeats of Adlai Stevenson*. You have noticed, I take it, the recent ascendancy of a post-Stevenson morality?

Was This Trip Necessary?

Granted that a new President has got to be blooded on the global circuit fairly early in his career—and especially a new President who, like Gerald Ford, has heretofore been a homebody—the timing of this first venture does seem questionable. It is a matter primarily, no doubt, of priorities and the images the choice among these conveys. Whatever choice is made is not likely to please everyone. But with all allowances, we still wonder why *this* choice *now*.

The President departed on November 17. At this point: a) there was no Vice President in office, so that the heir apparent was an unqualified Speaker belonging to the party that was defeated in the last presidential election; b) the annual session of Congress, with numerous issues of major importance before it, was to resume the following morning; c) the Administration has just acknowledged officially that the economy was in a "recession," and to many it was already beginning to look more like a depression; d) a potentially devastating coal strike was set to begin; e) the Mideast was close to war; f) the President had made only the first small steps toward turning the discredited Nixon Administration into a recognizably fresh Ford Administration.

Strangest of all, the explicit comments of the Secretary of State on the way to Japan confirmed what seemed clear enough to most observers of the global scene: that nothing much in the way of specifiable results was to be expected from this journey. So why make it?

One further gamble: why not Anchorage instead of Vladivostok for that meeting with Brezhnev. Why are we always the ones that go to them?

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Project Dependence

For many years, it has been official government policy to encourage energy consumption, to discourage energy production, and thus to foster increased dependence on imported oil. The effect has been to establish a price-support program for the Arabs. In a recent paper presented at Carnegie-Mellon University, Paul MacAvoy of MIT summed it up neatly: "state conservation efforts have limited production capacity, while federal policy has limited price, with the result that the country is in the position of excessively expanding imports." The elimination of three such government regulations, by MacAvoy's careful calculations, would be sufficient to replace the expected growth of imports with domestic production. The specific shortage policies to be dumped would be FPC controls over the wellhead price of natural gas, FEA controls over the price of so-called "old" oil, and state conservation commission controls limiting oil well production to the somewhat arbitrary "maximum efficient rate." MacAvoy also advocates selective purchase policies, with purchase from risky suppliers only as a last resort.

The principal alternative would be to cut oil imports rather drastically through some combination of mandatory conservation schemes, a hefty gasoline tax, a tariff, or an import quota with rationing. If the intent is to break the cartel, such a program would have to be permanent, since oil exporting countries can probably do without our business longer than we can comfortably do without their oil. If we ever resumed our former consumption pattern, while retaining our shortage policies, we would lay the foundation for a reconstruction of OPEC. Austerity would have to become a way of life, particularly for the beleaguered auto industry.

In effect, the conservation schemes replace the possibility of a temporary embargo with the certainty of a permanent self-imposed embargo. Such an exercise in masochism would simply make permanent the costs and distress suffered during temporary interruption, keeping prices high and supplies low. Using some figures from the latest *Bell Journal of Economics and Management Science* (which he edits), Professor MacAvoy figures that the President's modest one million barrel a day cutback would reduce real GNP by $1 billion each year—forever. "The central concern," said MacAvoy, "has to be with putting into place domestic productive capacity that can be justified as below the costs of alternative supplies from abroad, and free from the political disruption that characterizes the foreign supplies. This overriding consideration focuses attention not upon tariffs against imports, or upon inventory or storage programs, but upon the elimination of federal and state controls which have had the effect of reducing domestic reserve accumulation and production."

A Day at the UN

Uganda's member takes the floor,
Then someone from Ulan Bator—
Who's followed by the delegate
From some oil-heavy emirate.
Havana drops a pearl or two;
Indira's man concurs on cue;
Chad speaks and Upper Volta talks,
And though the Yankee giant balks,
South Africa is shown the door
By Senegal's ambassador.

W. H. VON DREELE

A Minute from CBS

The definitive book on media bias—itself a tricky phrase—has not yet appeared. So far we have had a number of special analyses, most of them confined to news coverage of a single issue, event, or political campaign, or concentrated on a single medium, usually television. It is natural that television should receive most of the special attention, since it has a unique mythopoeic power, and is (in large part because of that power) the single most potent influence on the popular political imagination. *TV and National Defense*, a new study commissioned by the Institute for American Strategy, concludes that one network, CBS, has used its influence to promote a picture of the U.S. military posture that all but ignores the most portentous fact of the decade: the growth of Soviet power.

Here is how the IAS study summarizes the nature and current condition of our armed forces, as depicted by CBS over a 24-month period: "The U.S. military establishment did a good job in World War II, but since then it has become a bloated and wasteful enterprise that has fought an unjust and bloody war in Vietnam and is perpetuating the cold war by keeping large numbers of troops overseas. In Vietnam, U.S. forces engaged in atrocities and violated other rules of war. The United States conducted unauthorized air raids in North Vietnam and illegally bombed and invaded Cambodia. Many American troops were demoralized by the injustice of the war and thousands of them turned to drugs or became embittered. At home, the enormous and growing Pentagon budget is upheld by a military-industrial complex which keeps draining the taxpayer by waste, conflicts of interest, cost overruns, and design faults in major weapons systems. The old leadership of the three services is still racist, sexist, and martinet, but the new leadership occasionally does some good things like promoting blacks and women and relaxing discipline from boot camp to aircraft carriers."

The description is at once recognizable as the one provided by the preponderance of printed and televised news reports. And the question is not so much whether the details are true as whether, taken together, they represent the whole truth. Because the average reader or viewer, especially the younger one, increasingly lacks a larger imaginative, historical, and philosophical frame-

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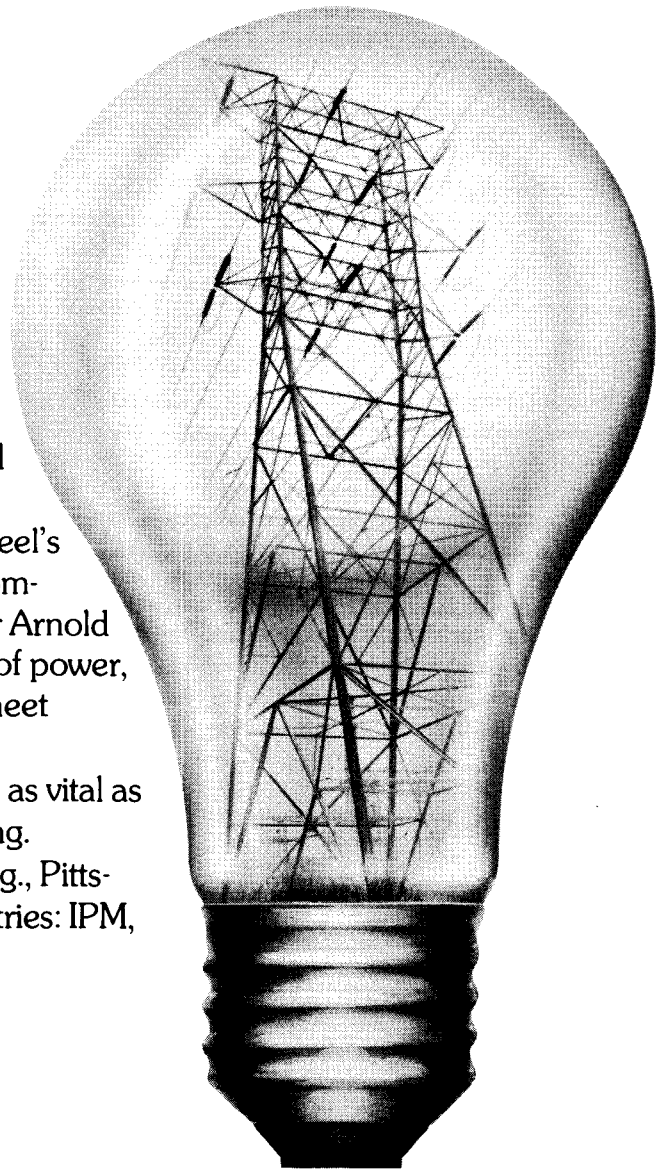

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But we're into a mix of other growth markets as vital as power. Our products' success in each is electrifying.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Cato's axiom for the week: ISP is FAP carried on by other means. FAP is (was) the Family Assistance Plan, a guaranteed annual income proposal advocated by the Nixon Administration. Now comes the Income Security Program, a son of FAP, guaranteed to raise to 42 million the number of Americans on the federal welfare rolls. (That would be a threefold increase over the 10.7 million recipients of the Aid to Families of Dependent Children funds.) It would cost $21.6 billion a year, only $3 billion more than the current patchwork of aid programs—if the current patchwork (AFDC, food stamps, etc.) is phased out. But phasing out is not a skill yet mastered by Congress, so the choice is apt to be ISP on top of everything else, or everything else without ISP on top.

■ The *New York Times*, which once was and still pretends to be a newspaper of record, did not carry a word about it. The *Washington Post* headline (far left column, page one) was: "President to Run in 1976." The subheadline was: "Doubts Erased by Statement on Candidacy." But were they erased? Ron Nessen, Mr. Ford's press secretary, is paid well to speak precisely, and he does his job well. In response to a question about Mr. Ford's candidacy, Mr. Nessen said: "He intends to run in 1976." Asked why Mr. Ford was dropping the "probably" from his official position on 1976, Mr. Nessen said: "I guess you have heard him say many times how much he enjoys being President." But there are still two reasons to doubt that Mr. Ford will run. First, at this point he would say he was going to run no matter what his real intentions were. His effectiveness would be undermined if he declared himself a lame duck right now. Second, being President during the next two years may not be enjoyable.

■ Since no one really has the nerve to fight inflation by cutting spending, there is renewed interest in the comforting theory that inflation can be fought by "vigorous antitrust enforcement." The biggest target of the Justice Department is its newest target, AT&T, the nation's largest privately owned corporation. Like IBM, against which action was brought on the last business day of Johnson's Administration, Ma Bell can expect to wonder about her legitimacy for a long, long, time.

■ POSTELECTION NOTES. The Democrats are slowly getting organized. The Democratic National Committee has issued an economic policy statement that is highly tentative, but seems to commit the Party to reimposition of wage and price controls. Reformers from the liberal Democratic Study Group in the House are hoping to "pack" Wilbur Mills' Ways and Means Committee—to liberalize it by expanding it. This, they feel, is the key to tax "reform." . . . After the 1964 Goldwater debacle there was only one thing Republicans could agree on: Party Chairman Dean Burch had to go. Now Mr. Burch, a Nixon holdover, is political adviser to Gerald Ford, and Republicans are restive about the current Party Chairwoman, Mrs. Mary Louise Smith. Mr. Ford appointed Mrs. Smith when he sent her predecessor, George Bush, to Peking. . . . In their tireless quest for information that will help them govern better, our legislators have been roaming the globe. More than fifty senators and congressmen were in Europe during the congressional recess, visiting the Pope and Queen Elizabeth and other folks who must have been pleased that the Yanks dropped by. A fair number of the travelers are making their last trips at the expense of the taxpayers: they were beaten in the recent elections. In an average year taxpayers spend over a million dollars to fly more than two hundred senators and congressmen hither and yon.

■ High cost of eating getting you down? Go to work for the White House. Gerald Ford has urged the nation to clean up its plates, and those who work for him find it easy to fill their plates. Thanks to subsidies from you, friend, a White House staffer can spend $2 and get a lunch that would cost twice that in a downtown Washington restaurant. And big spenders can plunk down $2.75 for a New York sirloin, or $4 for rock lobster tail.

■ Fierce competition produced a three-way tie for the "headline of the week" award. All three winners were on stories of deep political analysis concerning the recent elections. From the *Washington Post*, the award for piercing the mysteries of the political upheaval: "Democrats Intensify Role in the House." From the *Washington Post*, the award for the tightest connection between cause and effect: "Candidates with Plenty of Money Generally Did Better in Elections." And from the *Washington Star-News*, a headline that makes sense—at last—of what the voters said about the economy: "Mandate to Do Something." —CATO

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work in which to absorb them. The bogeyman view of the armed services tends to be the only one available to the unreflective man, even if he is not particularly disaffected from American institutions in general. Common sense may tell him that the purpose of an army is not to epitomize the good society, but to defend his country; yet under the pressure of tendentious reporting, this elementary truth may be driven from his mind altogether.

This unreflective citizen is in some measure everyone who cannot exert himself to construct an independent and rounded image of reality, and therefore relies on the news media to supply not only the facts but the right perspective. In a word, he is most of us. And it is therefore the omissions of news reportage that are most serious, especially in a medium as intrinsically dramatic as television. Here is the study's observation concerning CBS' record in this department: "A citizen who watched the 196 hours broadcast in 1972-73 would have learned almost nothing about the changing military balance between Washington and Moscow. During that entire two-year period, the program [CBS Evening News] devoted a total of one minute explicitly to the comparative military situation."

One minute in two years: that eloquently proclaims CBS' estimate of the importance of a situation affecting the security and even the survival of the United States. The IAS study painstakingly heaps fact on fact, demonstrating not only liberal bias but plain irresponsibility: CBS all but ignored Soviet advances in missiles, aircraft, warships, and submarines, ignored too evidence (like a major speech by Leonid Brezhnev) of Soviet intentions that conflicted with its own woozy enthusiasm for "detente," a term by the way it never bothered to define. Its coverage of related issues, like the Vietnam War, and

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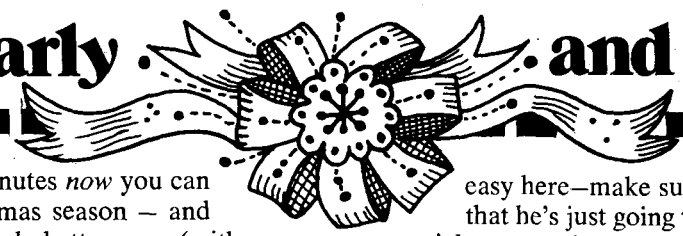

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of public opinion about them, was similarly warped. Its performance over all may be fairly described as disgraceful.

The question arises whether the Fairness Doctrine means anything, and if so, whether the FCC is going to do anything about it. One suggestion that catches our fancy: CBS should be required to announce, before and after every news broadcast, that independent studies have determined its reportage to be harmful to the consumer; rather like cigarettes.

General Brown and the Jews

Speaking at Duke University last month, General George Brown, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, delivered himself in the ad lib questioning period of some off-the-cuff remarks about Israel and American Jews. The resulting storm has not yet abated and, though Brown has apologized, and though everything he said on the subject has been disavowed by President Ford, the incident could in the end cost Brown his job.

Perhaps it should. Some of Brown's remarks were both offensive and wide of the mark, such as his statement that Jews own "the banks in this country, the newspapers." This is so exaggerated as to be caricature. Moreover, a man holding a position such as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff has serious diplomatic responsibilities and, at a minimum, is not supposed to go around the country shooting his mouth off.

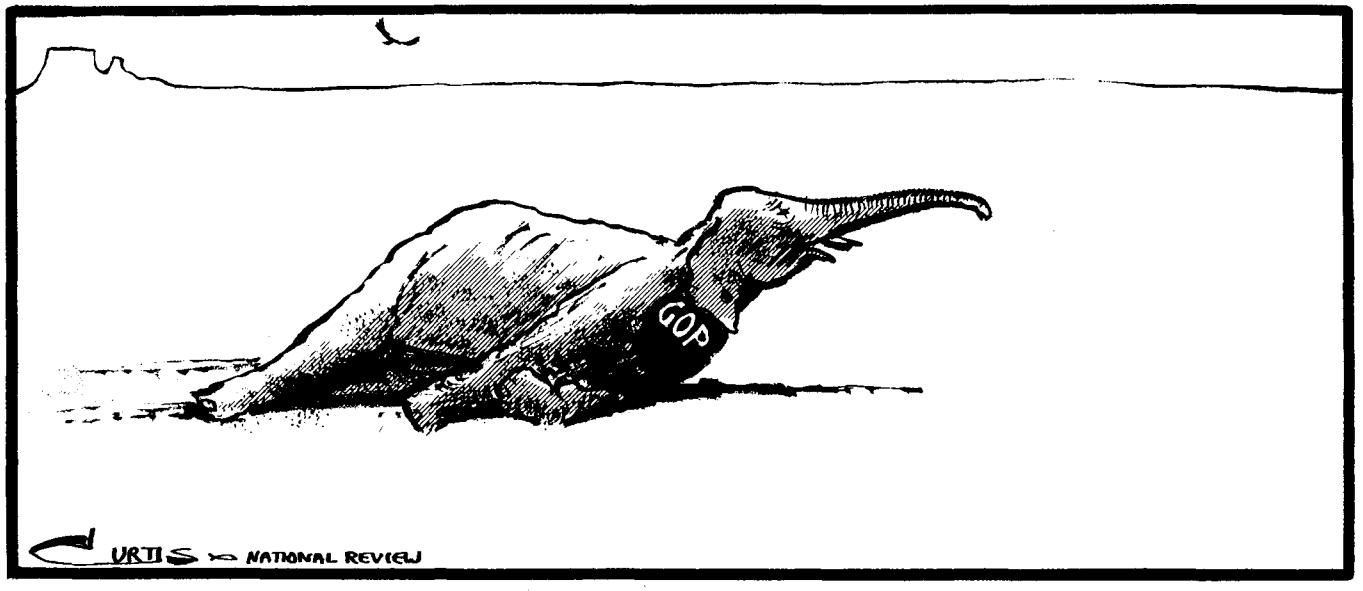
Brown, however, also focused attention on a genuine issue. As columnists Evans and Novak wrote last week: "The general's blunt warning at Duke University last month that Israel's influence in Congress is 'so strong you wouldn't believe it' had a solid foundation. . . . Pentagon concern reached a peak just after the $2.2-billion U.S. airlift of desperately needed military equipment to Israel during and after the fourth Arab-Israeli war in 1973. One result of that resupply line for Israel is this shocking fact: late model M60 tanks airlifted out of U.S. military depots in West Germany and flown to the Mideast battlefield have still not been replaced in the American arsenal a full year later. . . . Potentially more damaging for the United States was the airlift of nearly one-half the entire supply of the highly sophisticated TOW antitank missile, the famous wire-guided tank-killer."

Brown's outburst thus focuses on a glaring contradiction in the attitude of the congressional majority. It is willing to support virtually unlimited military aid for Israel, but it is not willing to provide the quantities of military hardware that such a policy entails. The immediate and visible result, alarming to the Pentagon, is the stripping of U.S. forces of much of their sophisticated weaponry. The predictable longer term results of such a contradiction are ominous. Once again, our liberal legislators are stuck in their paradox: recalling the Fourth Republic in France which, after the war, was said to desire a West German army "stronger than the Russians', but weaker than the French."

Congratulations, Greece

We have had so few chances lately to hail good news on the global front that we have almost forgotten the appropriate adjectives. And the news from the November 17 Greek elections is good enough to deserve the best of them. The conduct of the election, to begin with, was the best in Greek history. The campaign was open to all comers, the balloting was secret and free from fraud or coercion, the citizens turned out en masse in both town and country.

And the best man won: won in just the right way, not by so overwhelming a percentage that the result might seem one of those questionable Caesarist plebiscites, but by a solid majority (54.5 per cent) that will translate into a two-thirds parliamentary majority, which ought to permit even Greeks to maintain a reasonably stable government for a year or two. The Center Union/New Forces Party, a centrist formation spliced together from George Papandreou's old Center Party by the able



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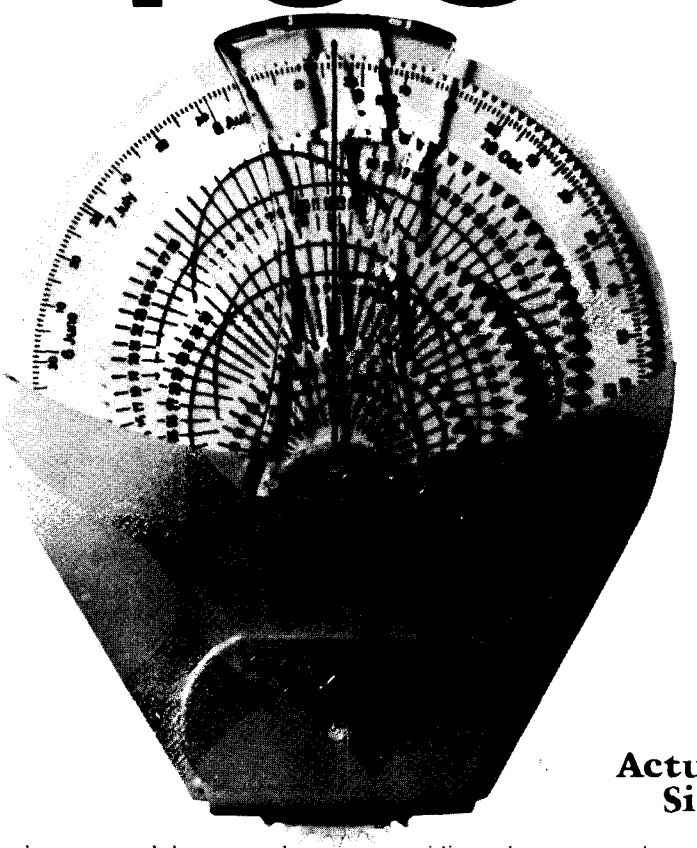

Actual Size

Nearly 90 years ago, Sigmund Freud had a new idea about human behavior. It dealt with body cycles . . . biological rhythms determined at birth. We all have them—three of them, in fact, according to numerous present-day scientists, psychology magazine articles, even recent TV programs. An *emotional* cycle . . . an *intellectual* cycle . . . and a *physical* cycle.

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FACT. Time after time after time the outcome of professional football games proved to be exactly as bio-rhythm researchers had predicted. Ask the Washington Redskins, for example, about a certain game they lost to the lower-rated New England Patriots. Experts had predicted the Redskins to win. Bio-rhythm researchers, after interviewing each of the teams' members, predicted the upset.

FACT. Bio-rhythm can reduce accidents. Among the companies which have made use of the bio-rhythm method in their safety programs are: the Omi Railway in Japan, which has compiled an astounding accident-free record; 5,000 other Japanese firms; many European airlines; the transportation system of Zurich, National Lead Industries, etc.

FACT. BIOMATE and bio-rhythm can predict the "unpredictable." For example, checking back on Babe Ruth's birth date with BIOMATE, we find that he hit 79% of his home runs during peaks in his physical or emotional cycles. BIOMATE also tells us that Franco Harris of the Pittsburgh Steelers made the "play of the century" when he was at a *triple* peak—i.e., the "high period" of all three cycles.

FACT. BIOMATE also shows us that: Billie Jean King won against Bobby Riggs when she was at a "high" in two of her cycles; Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe committed suicide on their "critical days," or mid-cycle periods; Clark Gable suffered his fatal heart attack on his "critical day"; Custer's disastrous "last stand" occurred on a day when his emotional and mental cycles were at low points . . . *days when his judgment and decision-making ability were likely to be below-par.*

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". . . but if we nominate a Bleeding Heart, the Knee Jerks and the Pointy Heads might bolt and run separate tickets."

and experienced George Mavros, ran second with 20 per cent of the vote. This means that Mavros will become leader of the parliamentary opposition.

The news about who lost is just as happy. We could not be more pleased than with the meager showing of the pretentious "Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement" led into battle by Andreas Papandreou (George's son), the irresponsible leftist darling of our media and our intellectual establishment. Papandreou campaigned on an all-out anti-U.S., anti-CIA, and anti-NATO platform, and even Melina Mercouri couldn't help him live up to his billing. Melina herself ran in a Piraeus district, and discovered that for the workers who are its principal inhabitants it was never on Sunday the 17th. Under the Greek rules, Papandreou's failure to get 17 per cent of the vote leaves him out of a second round of allocation of parliamentary seats, and will thus further weaken his position. It would perhaps be excessive to add the result for the avowed Communists—who composed their feuds for the election campaign in order to run as the "United Left"—to the good news list. Their 10 per cent was less than might have been feared or even expected in the given circumstances, but it is considerably more than a nation can feel comfortable with.

Constantine Karamanlis is a man of the moderate Right who has apparently moved somewhat toward the center. On the record he is pro-Western and pro-NATO. He will wish to keep Greece in alliance with the NATO nations, even if, like France, not in direct military integration, and to have friendly, mutually useful relations with the U.S.; and his electoral victory gives him a fair chance of having his wish. He confronts, however, five acute and difficult problems: Cyprus, where he will have the unsympathetic task of persuading Greeks to accept what at the luckiest can only be a humiliating recognition of superior Turkish power; inflation, now higher than in any other European nation; the juridical liquidation of the junta wreckage; a referendum on the monarchy; a new constitution. With so formidable a set of challenges, success cannot be guaranteed, but by his shrewd conduct in exile, by the perfect timing of his comeback, and now by his triumph in the election, Karamanlis proves that these challenges will be meeting an also formidable challenger. We wish him good fortune, and hope that the favorable wind clear-eyed Athena sent on the 17th, a brisk west wind that sang along the wine-dark sea, will continue to speed his journey.

The Lower Religions

The decline of the established religions leads to spreading skepticism and secularism, right? Well, wrong, at least according to a survey conducted by the magazine *Psychology Today*. The decline of established religions in fact leads to a tropical growth of idiosyncratic belief and do-it-yourself metaphysics.

The segment of the population surveyed by *PT* can hardly be taken as representative of the general population. The magazine distributed a lengthy questionnaire to its readers and received 40,000 replies. At once deviations from the norm leap to the eye. For example, according to the Gallup Poll, three-fourths of all Americans belong to one of the three main religions. Among *PT* readers, however, "defection from orthodoxy is the order of the day": though 74 per cent of the respondents attended weekly religious services while growing up, today two out of three *never* attend.

Nevertheless, the *PT* survey, even though the sample is atypical, does throw some light on what tends to succeed relative religious orthodoxy. *PT* readers, moreover, are more affluent and better educated than the average.

About 50 per cent "believe in God or 'lean toward' believing in God. . . . Another 27 per cent said they feel uncomfortable about the word God but do believe in something 'more' or 'beyond.' Thus three respondents in four believe in some concept of the supernatural. . . .

"And while only 19 per cent believe firmly that there is life after death, only 16 per cent are equally firm disbelievers. . . . And 12 per cent believe in reincarnation. . . . Readers were most interested in the Eastern religions and practices—TM, Yoga, and Zen. . . . Respondents may reject Satanism, but they believe in other occult phenomena. We asked, for example, what readers thought of the spiritualists' claim that we can communicate with the dead. Only one respondent in three thinks that this is probably impossible. . . . Similarly, few respondents were willing to write off astrology's claim to a connection between the self and the cosmos . . . and over 98 per cent could identify their astrological sign. . . . As it happens, more respondents believe in ESP than believe in God . . . 63 per cent claim to have experienced telepathy . . . 37 per cent clairvoyance . . . 52 per cent prerecognition . . . and 13 per cent psycho-

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kinesis (ability to move objects without touching them). . . . We asked readers whether they had ever felt in close contact with something holy or sacred; the majority said yes, and only 37 per cent said no. . . . *PT* readers are more comfortable about mysticism when it occurs in a foreign atmosphere. . . . The percentages are not large, but the numbers of people they represent mean that thousands are experimenting directly with mystical experience."

What these data depict, in short, is a widespread but largely unfocused and uninformed spirituality. No doubt it would surprise most of these respondents to discover that the issues and experiences they are attempting to confront, and even to find a vocabulary for, have been the subject of reflection—often highly sophisticated reflection—for centuries: philosophers, mystics, monks, Church Councils, Augustine, Ambrose, Aquinas, Teresa . . . In his great "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," Milton depicted the passing of the older and, as he judged it, lower spirituality of the classical world:

> The oracles are dumm,
> No voice or hideous humm
> Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
> Apollo from his shrine
> Can no more divine . . .
>
> The lonely mountains o're,
> And the resounding shore,
> A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
> From haunted spring, and dale
> Edg'd with poplar pale,
> The parting Genius is with sorrow sent . . .

The *Psychology Today* survey and much other evidence suggests that the ancient and variegated spirituality is now returning in up to date guises, and that modern Western man is not becoming more secular but less so.

The Radicals du Jour

At first blush, the news was heartwarming: "Renouncing her days as a militant radical," the *New York Times* story began, "Jane L. Alpert gave herself up to federal authorities here yesterday, more than four years after she jumped bail and disappeared following her conviction for conspiracy in a series of bombings here in 1968. 'This is the happiest day of my life,' said Miss Alpert." The story went on to quote her lawyer: " 'She is no longer in the grip of the mistaken ideology which caused her to flee; the war is over and the man with whom she was in love and for whom she pleaded guilty is now dead.' "

The radical leftism of the Sixties is nearly dead too, and Miss Alpert's return from the Weather Underground symbolizes this death. But it may also symbolize the birth of a new ideology. The *Times* article said Miss Alpert has become a "radical feminist," but did not elaborate. Her lawyer, in his touching statement about "the man with whom she was in love," did not quote what she said last year about that man, Sam Melville, and his fellow Attica rebels: "I will mourn the loss of 42 male supremacists no longer." She said that in a *Ms.* article, "Mother Right"—a sustained attack (partly justified, mostly hysterical) on men and "their" society, and a call for a feminist takeover of the country and a return to a prehistoric style of matriarchy.

Miss Alpert may no longer believe this. She has returned to her parents, and may have grown calmer and more tolerant. But if in fact she still holds to "Mother Right," there is little more reason to applaud her change from Weatherwoman to feminist than there would have been in 1968 to applaud someone's move from the Communist Party to SDS.

Alexander M. Bickel, RIP

The tragic death of Professor Alexander M. Bickel of the Yale Law School at the early age of 49 removes from the scene a doughty champion of intelligible constitutional law. One of the very few such champions in the days of the Warren Court. Prior to the Second World War, such judges as Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and Stone attained distinction for their opposition to the disposition of the majority of the Supreme Court to decide cases on the basis of their own concepts of policy—"on the basis of their personal predilections," as Chief Justice Stone once put it.

The Constitution does two things: it establishes a Supreme Court which can invalidate acts of Congress and the state legislatures, and provides a Bill of Rights in very general language. The consequence is that the Court may so interpret this general language to invalidate, or indeed rewrite, acts of Congress and of the state legislatures—in other words, in the guise of constitutional interpretation, may enact what it considers desirable legislation. Because such legislation purports to be an interpretation of the Constitution, it is irrepealable, except by the laborious and erratic process of constitutional amendment.

Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, and Stone died many years ago, but the tendency of the Court to decide cases on policy grounds by no means ceased; indeed the tendency increased, and acquired a name: "activist," particularly in the years of the Warren Court. The Warren Court carried its activism much further than before. Where previously the Court had largely contented itself with holding invalid minor regulatory provisions, concerning such matters as the size of loaves of bread sold commercially, the Court now embarked on a series of decisions requiring affirmative action of the most drastic sort, violating the beliefs and mores of many communities. Whereas the mild activism of the Court of the Holmes era had stirred the professors of

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the more fashionable law schools to violent protest against this misuse of constitutional authority, the activism of the Warren Court had no such result. Presumably, the professors' policy concepts—their "personal predilections"—were the same as the Warren Court's, and the results, achieved by methods which they and their predecessors had excoriated, were suddenly overlooked.

Fortunately there were one or two happy exceptions to this neglect by law school faculty—in particular, Professor Bickel. In articles and books, of which *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress* is outstanding, he devastatingly analyzed the leading decisions of the Warren Court, and showed that they were illogical, antihistorical, sloppily written, and intellectually incoherent. He warned the Court that continued disregard of community standards would lead to disaster.

Unfortunately, unlike Holmes and his colleagues, Professor Bickel was not on the Supreme Court. His opinions therefore did not receive the attention that those of Holmes and his colleagues did. Nevertheless, so clear was his thinking, so precise his analysis, so thorough his history, that his books and articles did command wide respect, and perhaps to some extent influenced the thinking of the liberal intelligentsia. Now that the majority of the Court consists of more reasonable men, they may well look to Professor Bickel's work for guidance. Alexander Bickel surmised that many of the principal Warren Court decisions were "heading toward obsolescence, and in large measure abandonment."

Let us hope so, while saddened that Professor Bickel will not be here to observe, report, and comment.

—C. D. WILLIAMS

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You indicated in your last letter that you are aware of the numerous times that you have asked for my help and have received it. It occurred to me, in view of this awareness, that you might be willing, might even feel obligated, to return the favor.

I have 500 head of almost worthless fat steers in a feed lot in Nebraska that are munching away daily on extremely expensive corn. Could you possibly contract for one truck load of steers as your small share in keeping this enterprise functioning?

Frankly, I would like to make some return on this investment; however, my banker would be delighted if I just broke even so you see the terms are negotiable.

I would view the loss of NATIONAL REVIEW as a grim disaster and I do hope that all of you there will view my certain loss with the same degree of concern and compassion.

Cordially,
Shirley M. Walker
Ft. Collins, Colo.

DEAR MRS. WALKER: REGRET SHOP HERE STEERFULL. REGARDS —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

If it is not presumptuous of me to comment on what was meant as a private letter, I respectfully beg to differ with Mrs. Luce (Notes & Asides, November 22). She would have you "leave the use of 'lady' as a sex classifier and/or gratuitous social status indicator of professional persons to the Archie Bunkers of the writing profession."

The offending phrase was your "lady theologian," and you promised to reserve the term for expressions like "lady wrestler," where, as you so nicely put it, "the oxymoronic imperative clearly prevails." But that imperative is more prevalent than, I'm afraid, either of you supposes. It applies to lady theologians as well as to lady wrestlers. Most theologians are men. A lady theologian is a curiosity, like a male belly dancer, and it is only human that our idioms should reflect our sense of its oddity. Patronizing? That depends—I certainly agree that there is such a thing as male cattiness. But Jackie Robinson used to be referred to as a "Negro ballplayer," and even when the phrase was oxymoronic nobody took it as belittling his abilities. Perhaps we will one day cease making sexual identifications as instinctively as we now do; but I don't look forward to that day, and until it arrives, I don't blame those who make them, even when logically extraneous. Condescending? Sometimes—but really, why not? We all agree that we owe women a special consideration in virtue of their sex. And by "we," I mean all of us, insofar as we share the exercise of social authority, which is naturally and intrinsically masculine. That is to say, if a woman had command of a sinking ship, she would be obliged as much as any man to see to the safety of women and children first, excepting herself *qua* authority. If a woman

Dig We Must

I like clams and I like shrimp;
Wetland worries ring my bell.
When a seagull gets a limp,
I go soft as Little Nell.
If a whooping crane conks out,
I defend its sacred soil.
But the time has come to shout,
Dig we must for offshore oil.

W. H. VON DREELE

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asks me *not* to condescend to her (in this sense), I obey, insofar as I can, because she is a woman; but she cannot, by individual whim, release me from my general duty to her whole sex. True condescension implies respect rather than contempt for the person condescended to; I don't defer to my dog. And the woman who abjures her natural rank forfeits a part of my personal respect for her, for she knows neither her place nor mine. Of course, in practice the feminist claim is more like an exercise than a renunciation of sexual status: equality is but the latest of feminine prerogatives, and the only one I think is really unfair to men. (I once asked the director of a panel discussion in which I was to participate why I had to follow, rather than precede, the liberated lady assigned to sit next to me. "Feminists first," he winked.)

As for the word "lady," its general function nowadays is to add a touch of civility to direct personal reference, when "woman" might sound (at least to some ears) bare and biological. I'm afraid we can't easily purge all the sexual anomalies from our language, and I don't adore symmetry enough to make the attempt. For my part, I don't mind phrases like "gentlemen songsters," nor spend my time wondering whether I *ought* to mind them.

I mean only to reaffirm real courtesy, as opposed to the fashionably androgynous kind. If a woman (a lady theologian, say) offers an argument, I am neither rude nor stupid enough to refer it smilingly to the gender of its proponent; I take it seriously, just as I took even the feminist arguments seriously, before I concluded they were mostly rubbish. It comes to this: women have rights men don't have, and vice versa, because their Creator saw fit to make two sexes. When a woman has a baby, her husband owes her all his devotion, but none of his cigars. Joe [Sobran]

■ Dear Bill:

I returned on the evening of November 3 from a two-week run to Europe, and on the morning of the 4th, in digging through the accumulated grist heap, I was amused to encounter the exchange [*NR*, Nov. 8] between Mr. Alfredo Fuchs of Iberia Airlines and your brother Reid.

I was amused, but I was not especially amused. Nothing about Iberia Airlines is especially amusing.

Mr. Fuchs asked for tangible data and observations. If this is not a family affair, perhaps I could contribute something in response to the gentleman's request.

On the afternoon of Saturday, October 26, my wife and I flew by Iberia from Madrid to Bilbao. It was a short hop. The flight was to leave at 1:00 and arrive at 1:45. We departed from Madrid on schedule, but, alas, the pilot had not troubled to ascertain if he could land at Bilbao when he got there. We thus descended through heavy clouds, made one pass at the runway, and heard a cold announcement from the stewardess: "Because of weather conditions we are unable to land at Bilbao and will return to Madrid." Which we did.

Now, any person who flies a hundred thousand miles a year is well aware such mishaps can occur. It is entirely possible that Bilbao suddenly was socked in, and that nothing would have been gained by putting the flight on a holding pattern in the hope of a break in the clouds. My observations are not directed to the aborted flight as such, but to the attitude of the Iberia personnel.

It might do Mr. Fuchs a world of good if one day he would disguise himself as an ordinary passenger and fly incognito on his own airline. He might well discover, as you have discovered, and Reid has discovered, and we have discovered, and countless others have discovered, that Iberia leads the airlines of the world in the arrogance, haughtiness, coldness, and indifference of its people. Air France, which can be thoroughly nasty, is not even in the same league with Iberia.

The attitude is pervasive. It is especially apparent among the stewardesses, who are Iberia's first line of public relations. Not only on this trip, but on other visits to Spain in recent years, I have experienced the same intractable hostility. I venture this general observation, that all Iberia stews look like lady cops or majors in the WAC. They look as if their girdles hurt. In the particular incident I mention, the stews voiced not one word of apology or regret. They oozed not sympathy, but antagonism instead. Their attitude, in toto, was to hell with you and your luggage too.

The same snootiness is manifested at the ticket counters. When we undertook to learn when and if the aborted flight might be rescheduled, we were repeatedly rebuked. When at last I decided to go by taxi, and sought a refund on the useless tickets, the process evolved into a maddening Spanish run-around. A few days later, flying Bilbao-Barcelona, it was the same story. We never willingly will fly by Iberia again.

Flying home from London, happily by Pan Am, we fell into conversation with other passengers from the Washington area. The matter of Iberia came up. Mr. Fuchs would have been even more upset, I suppose, if he could have heard the judgments expressed. Without exception, those in the group voiced the same criticism. Flying doesn't have to be unpleasant. It's a pity that Iberia makes it so. Best, James J. Kilpatrick

—WFB

Thanksgiving Treat

Turkey bores me; ducks are fat.
Basting goose annoys my cat.
Ham's for Easter in the spring.
Roast beef costs like *everything*.
Eggplant substitutes are blah.
Pork and beans are too bourgeois.
Here's an alternate to try:
Rockefeller, hanging high.

W. H. von Dreele

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Little League

WASHINGTON—The most important news story of recent weeks (important as a symbol; important because revealing) may have been the story of Little League baseball's retreat to protectionism. Until now the Little Leagues have had the only "world series" worthy of the name. But the knavish foreigners have been doing something mean. They have been winning. Taiwan teams have won the series (played each summer at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where the Little Leagues were invented) five of the last six years. So the adults who run the Little Leagues sent a team of investigators to Taiwan to sniff out violations of Little League rules. Finding none, they returned to fortress America and pulled up the drawbridge. Henceforth all teams from the outside world will be banned from the "world series." Thus does a declining nation deal with the rigors of competition from the lesser breeds without the law. Those breeds are lean and hungry and can hit behind the runner. Time to rally 'round our motto: if you can't lick 'em, ban 'em.

Now that the Little League adults have pointed the way, perhaps we can figure out how to ban other foreign troubles, especially those concerning oil and Arabs. The proper question concerning the Mideast is not whether there will be a fifth Arab-Israeli war, but when it will begin and who will participate. Will it begin a year from now, when it will suit Syria's convenience—after more Soviet arms shipments and training for Syrian troops? Or will it begin much sooner—before spring—when Israel could at least have what she did not have in the October 1973 war—the advantage of surprise? And will Israel be able to fight Syria alone—without fighting Egypt on another front? In any case, when the war comes, there will be another oil embargo, perhaps this time directed only at the United States (Japan and our West European allies have made clear their unwillingness to be any sort of impediment to any Arab desire). Then all bets about the economy will be off.

But even if the embargo doesn't happen, no one is betting much on the economy. Mr. Ford recently journeyed to Las Vegas (a lovely place to give one of those pep talks about frugality and sacrifice: it is a village where people come to turn their money into plastic chips, which hold their value better than paper and metal currency) to urge an audience to fight the nation's economic problems by shopping wisely. Buoyed by this inspiration, the Administration felt confident enough to say, just six months after the recession began, that we are "moving into" a recession. As Mr. Ford was making his homilies heard over the whirs and clicks of the Nevada wheels and slots, his agents in Washington were announcing that wholesale prices had soared 22.6 per cent in the last 12 months, the largest jump in any 12-month period since 1947. From Las Vegas Mr. Ford flew on to Phoenix, where he rather sweetly said that he hoped "the word is conveyed to my good friend, the Secretary of the Interior, we are not considering an increase in the gasoline tax." He felt compelled obliquely to remind his good friend Rogers Morton, because Mr. Morton had just said that he feels "honor bound" to consider every option for an energy policy, and a stiff new tax on each gallon of gas is—Mr. Morton, that amiable rascal, has a way with words—"a viable option," and that is the best kind of option. But dammit good friend Rog, it is not viable, optionwise or otherwise, because on October 16, while campaigning in Sioux Falls, S.D., Mr. Ford said: "A gasoline tax would unfairly, in my judgment, penalize those [rural] people. And for that reason, among others, I rejected it. And we are not going to have it as long as I am in the White House."

Well, now. It is one thing for Mr. Ford to squelch the ruminations his good friend Mr. Morton feels honor bound to indulge, but the ruminations of the Secretary of State are grander things. While Mr. Ford was in Phoenix trying to get the word back to Mr. Morton in Washington, Mr. Kissinger was in Chicago, speaking, it is safe to assume, for Mr. Ford. Mr. Kissinger was calling for "collaboration among consuming nations" to combat the risk of another oil embargo. Mr. Kissinger thinks that the way to minimize that risk is by a sharp cut in oil consumption. He said in Chicago that the U.S., for its part, is prepared to cut oil imports 85 per cent, from seven million barrels a day to one million, over the next decade.

WELL, NOW. Mr. Ford, speaking for himself, says we have an oil consumption problem that should not continue ten more months, let alone ten more years. Given the high price of imported oil, we are buying more than we can afford (according to Mr. Ford). We are exporting $30 billion to the oil exporting countries. Mr. Ford says this export of dollars must be slowed, sharply and soon. But since cooperative efforts by the consuming nations will not bring down the price of oil in the near future, it is up to the U.S. to cut its own consumption. Since Mr. Ford says a steep (at least 10 cents a gallon, and 20 cents would probably be necessary to achieve the necessary cut in consumption) gasoline tax is unthinkable, it seems likely that the Administration will have to impose a ceiling on oil imports. But keeping out foreign oil is a bit more awkward in its consequences than keeping out foreign Little Leaguers. If oil imports are restricted, will Mr. Ford allow unrestricted domestic demand to drive up the price at the pump? That is not likely, given his adhesion to the Sioux Falls Doctrine, which holds that higher gas prices, whether caused by increased taxes or decreased supplies, would be hard on rural folks and poor folks and a lot of other folks. That is, the pattern of pain distribution would be regressive. So it is probable that oil import restrictions will be accompanied by some kind of rationing. So the logic of world politics, and of the statements of Mr. Ford in Phoenix and Sioux Falls, and Mr. Kissinger in Chicago, is that even if the Arabs don't impose an embargo on us, we will impose a partial embargo on ourselves. □

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Fire at the Center

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

MEDIEVAL GEOGRAPHY, adapted from the system devised by the mathematician and astronomer Ptolemy in the second century A.D., conceived of the earth as a globe on the surface of which a hemisphere of land lay opposite a hemisphere of water. Jerusalem was located at the center of the land mass. (In the version Dante used for *The Divine Comedy*, the conical Mount of Purgatory rises from the ocean at the point diametrically opposite Jerusalem.)

If we take this notion not as literal statement of geographic fact but as a symbolic expression of strategic and geopolitical realities, we will find it rather more than a quaint fantasy of our prescientific ancestors. Palestine, for which Jerusalem serves as synecdoche, is, if not the foremost, unquestionably one of the world's three or four primary strategic nodes. There it is on the map, at the crossroad, the bridge, between Asia and Africa, on both the land and the sea flank of the route between Europe and the south of Asia and Africa, guarding the portage (or channel) between the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean, opening on the eastern shore of the inland sea on and around which so many critical episodes of history have swirled, the site of supremely holy places of the three great monotheistic religions.

Throughout the millennia of recorded history, armies and hordes have battled back and forth across the Palestinian sands, hills, and villages: Egyptians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Jews, Phoenicians, Hittites, Medes and Persians, Greeks, Macedonians, Romans, Arabs, Mongols, Turks, crusading Franks and Teutons and Lombards and Normans, Spaniards, English. Palestine has seldom known a peace of long duration.

Since this has been Palestine's continuous story for five thousand years, there isn't much basis for supposing it is going to be totally different during the next hundred or two. And in the light of this past, it is impossible, from an objective frame of reference, to grant any particular people, race, or nation a unique moral, metaphysical, or religious claim to Palestine. Judged objectively, the conflicting claims cancel each other.

Suppose we try to consider the situation in Palestine from the point of view of U.S. national security and interest.

What We Don't Want

It is always easier to determine what is counter to national interest than what helps it. In the Mideast, the greatest danger to U.S. interest would be consolidation of the region under the control of a power of the same order as the U.S.—a "superpower." The only candidate for that role in the decade or two ahead is the Soviet Union. Maybe some day the "Arab nation" will be a superpower, but, despite the trouble Arab oil producers are making just now, that day is not in our time.

It follows that we should not want, and if possible should seek to prevent, anything happening in Palestine that would contribute to Soviet Mideast hegemony. But there seems to be nothing of that sort on the visible horizon. What difference does it make to the U.S. whether Jews, Arabs, or for that matter Christians (who could also make out an impressive religious, moral, and historical case if they sat down to it) rule in Palestine? Difference, that is, from the standpoint of national security and interest; obviously it makes various subjective differences to certain of our citizens, though to perhaps fewer than generally supposed.

Taken at face value, the Palestinians' proposal for a pluralist, secular, democratic nation comprising Jews, Arabs, and Christians is rather attractive from the outside, though not very realistic at the moment. Or a Jewish and an Arab nation side by side, or a federation? Lebanon has managed to make out with two more or less evenly divided communities, Christian and Moslem. What proper *national* business is it of ours how Palestine—or Cyprus—is politically organized?

Pro-Israel advocates argue that Israel is the only anti-Soviet bulwark in the Mideast, and that the weakening or destruction of Israel would open the gates to Soviet power. This argument is not convincing. It presupposes that the other Mideast states are all either pro-Soviet or Soviet puppets. This is a long way from the truth.

The current dependence of several of the Arab nations on Soviet weapons does give Moscow a strong hand in their affairs at present, and an effective veto on large scale military operations. But even these nations (Syria and Iraq, for example) aim to boss themselves, not to become anyone's puppet. The biggest and most powerful Mideast states—Iran, Saudi Arabia, for example, and Egypt in spite of the Soviet arms—are anti-Communist and exceedingly wary in their dealings with Moscow. They have their own ideas of what they want to make of themselves. Moreover, many Mideast specialists—including nearly all in Europe—feel that the pro-Israel argument based on its anti-Soviet posture is at least counterbalanced by the way in which Israeli intransigence (on the Palestinian question, the occupied territories, and the status of Jerusalem) tends to push the Arab states artificially together into anti-Western, especially anti-American positions.

A Critical Experiment

It is hard to see why even renewed fighting in or bordering Palestine need be of acute concern from the standpoint of U.S. interest, unless the fighting escalates to a level that might induce great-power intervention. That is to say: in pursuit of its own security and interest, the U.S. need not get into a panic (though the media surely will) over Palestinian ups and downs, even if they go to the point of fighting; but if shooting does begin again, the U.S. should try, preferably along with other serious nations, to keep it limited.

Of course, a peaceful settlement of the question of Palestine accepted by all of its inhabitants and neighbors would be the best solution for the U.S. as well as for the Mideast. One thing and one only could bring this about: joint agreement and action by the U.S. and the Soviet Union. If the President and Henry Kissinger dared to make a critical test of detente, this is what they might propose. □

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LETTER FROM TAIPEI

They used to say the American Sixth Fleet was really in the Straits of Taiwan to protect Mainland China from the Nationalist Chinese. Such success still irks Peking

The Art of Survival

BRIAN CROZIER

I CAME TO Taiwan expecting to find the people and their leaders tense and depressed, as diplomatic isolation closes in on them. Instead, I found confidence, determination, and indeed defiance. The favorite comparisons are with Britain after Dunkirk, and with beleaguered Israel today. Churchill is a revered name. There are many reasons for the prevailing self-confidence, but the easiest to grasp is that Taiwan is, in the fullest sense, a going concern.

I first came to the island more than 17 years ago, and was possibly the first Western correspondent to interview Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek since the Chinese Nationalists lost the Mainland in 1949; and almost certainly the first to report on the extraordinarily successful land reform program accomplished some years earlier. In the economic field, land reform was the springboard for takeoff: not only did it enable the peasants and farmers to own the land they tilled, but by indemnifying the landlords in industrial bonds, it turned them into capitalists.

In 1957, however, the signs of underdevelopment were many. The roads, for instance, were inadequate in number and in a shocking state of disrepair, although the rural population, on the evidence of my own eyes, already had a higher standard of living than that of, say, Portugal.

Today, the potholes have gone, there are many modern roads, and the great north-south highway is under rapid construction. Taipei has dense private car traffic. As affluence spreads downward, humbler citizens in great numbers buy (Japanese) motorcycles, which they drive with alarming disregard for their own and other people's safety. High-rise buildings have sprung up everywhere and are spreading fast, many of them airconditioned.

This year, Taiwan's GNP will probably reach the magic $500 per capita—marking the generally agreed threshold from an underdeveloped to a developed economy (last year's figure was $494). Fiji made it last year. Above them—well above, of course—stands only Japan ($1,400) in all Asia.

Some of the statistics are startling, not least the population growth. When the island reverted to the Republic of China in 1946 after fifty years of Japanese rule, the population was just over six million; at the end of last year, it was nearly 15.6 million, crowded then as now into a territory about half the size of Scotland, only one-third of which is arable. (In size and density of population, Taiwan compares roughly with Holland.)

When Taiwan reverted to China, there were only four institutions of higher learning; now there are 99, including nine universities. In the same period, secondary schools have risen from 215 to 948, and primary schools from 1,130 to 2,307. In education and in economic growth, 1965 was the turning point. In that year, the government took two crucial decisions: to dispense with American economic aid and to extend the period of compulsory education from six to nine years (in effect, raising the school-leaving age to 15). The first signaled the point of self-sustaining growth; the second created the prerequisite of sophistication—a skilled labor force.

That policy is now paying off. Taiwan manufactures electronic calculators and color television, mostly for export, and builds cars under license from Ford and General Motors. To sustain the growth, electric power output has soared, and will probably rise this year to 22,902 million kwh.

IN COMMON with most countries in the international trading market, Taiwan is in fact going through a recession of sorts, with a dose of inflation. But all is relative. Last year's industrial growth rate was a phenomenal 22.7 per cent; this year's will probably not exceed 12.6 per cent—a percentage most economies would envy. In his state of the nation speech before the Legislative Yuan (or parliament) on September 17, the Premier, General Chiang Ching-kuo (son of the President), predicted an overall economic growth rate of 8.5 per cent, which some experts believe is about 2 per cent too high. Two days after the Premier's speech, the Central Bank of China announced cuts of 0.5 to 1.5 per cent in interest rates, to stimulate exports, in the face of a current balance of trade deficit running at about $700 million for the year. Last

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Jefferson's Secretary of War — 29 42 61 114 153 143 190 15

B. To come into a country of which one is not a native for permanent residence — 47 145 159 30 209 155 134 8 174

C. City in Romania on Black Sea — 59 3 16 108 206 139 50 22 146

D. School of writers (fl. in 1890s) that included James M. Barrie — 67 191 10 175 38 210 223 91

E. One of the United States of Mexico — 119 164 19 205 196 52 11

F. Where the Greek gods lived — 124 32 147 140 43 26 63

G. Patron saint of order of nuns founded in 1535 — 144 208 183 44 197 64

H. Name given in France to a hypocrite — 182 115 211 158 73 165 86 17

I. Races held in Sussex in Duke of Richmond's park — 1 20 40 54 94 99 58 74

J. Department in France — 184 18 193 176

K. Short New York thoroughfare that has its own newspaper — 200 35 46 65 103 112 148 162 167 194

L. Light refreshments between meals — 226 118 53 166 161 33 87 79

M. Sooner or later — 9 177 192 21 81 88 93 106 31 142

N. Musical compositions of irregular form having an improvisatory character — 92 131 137 186 213 129 224 105 2 7

O. This club does not play football — 34 41 66 90 97 4 78 96

P. School of 17th Century Italian painters who followed the great masters — 107 125 36 68 102 27 178 220

Q. Welsh bard of the late 6th Century — 39 127 37 69 28 51 136 100

R. Sprawling housing estates built to satisfy town workers' yearning for country surroundings — 85 171 12 160 215 188 75 222

S. What WORD J's inhabitants might wear — 187 13 70 185 150 80 110 128 168

T. Movement that benefits America's majority — 130 120 152 101 76 201 169 225

U. Ornamental openwork of delicate or intricate design — 156 227 172 219 5 23 122 141

V. To accept bribes from both sides (thus insuring fairness?) — 204 221 24 214 179 83 133

W. ERIN DEB — 216 116 25 157 6 151 55

X. Arthur's Secretary of the Interior — 62 154 72 89 198 218

Y. Co-winner of Pulitzer prize for drama, 1950 (he already had an Oscar) — 82 95 57 104 109 126 163 173 189 195 230

Z. Article used to destroy pests — 170 14 123 180 77 111 84 117 98

a. A refrigerator — 135 71 212 45 181 228

b. An inclosed shelter on an aircraft — 138 132 48 207 202 217 56

c. The "golden city"; a city in Arkansas — 149 203 121 113 60 49 199 229

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1256 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 I	2 N	3 C	4 O	5 U	6 W		7 N	8 B	9 M	10 D	11 E	12 R	13 S	14 Z
15 A	16 C	17 H	18 J		19 E	20 I	21 M	22 C	23 U	24 V	25 W	26 F	27 P	28 Q	29 A		30 B	31 M	32 F
33 L	34 O	35 K	36 P	37 Q	38 D		39 Q	40 I		41 O	42 A	43 F	44 G	45 a	46 K	47 B	48 b	49 c	50 C
51 Q		52 E	53 L	54 I		55 W	56 b	57 Y	58 I	59 C	60 c	61 A	62 X	63 F		64 G	65 K	66 O	67 D
68 P		69 Q	70 S	71 a	72 X	73 H	74 I	75 R	76 T	77 Z		78 O	79 L	80 S		81 M	82 Y	83 V	84 Z
	85 R	86 H	87 L	88 M	89 X	90 O		91 D	92 N	93 M	94 I		95 Y	96 O		97 O	98 Z	99 I	100Q
101T	102P		103K	104Y	105N	106M	107P		108C	109Y	110S	111Z	112K	113c	114A		115H	116W	117Z
118L	119E	120T		121c	122U	123Z	124F	125P	126Y	127Q	128S		129N	130T		131N	132b	133V	134B
135a	136Q		137N		138b	139C	140F	141U		142M	143A	144G		145B	146C	147F		148K	149c
150S	151W	152T	153A	154X	155B		156U	157W	158H	159B		160R	161L	162K		163Y	164E	165H	166L
167K	168S	169T	170Z	171R	172U		173Y	174B	175D	176J	177M	178P	179V	180Z	181a	182H		183G	184J
185S	186N		187S	188R	189Y	190A	191D		192M	193J	194K	195Y	196E	197G	198X	199c		200K	201T
202b	203c		204V	205E	206C	207b	208G	209B	210D	211H	212a		213N	214V	215R	216W	217b		218X
219U	220P	221V	222R	223D	224N		225T		226L	227U	228a	229c	230Y						

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year Taiwan had a trade *surplus* of $690 million.

Short of a world depression, there is little doubt that the brilliant economic management of the past decade will solve these passing difficulties. And meanwhile, overall trade continues to soar. The value of the island's trade exceeds that of Mainland China, with fifty times the population.

With a thriving economy, a visibly hard-working yet relaxed population, an appreciable but not excessive welfare system, and a good many freedoms, Taiwan has all the normal requisites of recognition as a sovereign state, except one. The exception, however, is overwhelmingly important: the government of the Republic of China demonstrably exercises no control over the territory of continental China, with its 700 million people, over which and over whom it claims sovereignty.

To be more precise, Chiang Kai-shek, driven from the Mainland in 1949 by Mao Tse-tung's crushing military victory over his demoralized Nationalist forces, has never wavered in his claim to preside over the *legitimate* government of the whole of China, itself the rightful heir to Sun Yat-sen's revolution of 1911. Mao's regime also claims to have inherited Dr. Sun's mantle. The only common ground between Mao and Chiang, between Peking and Taipei, is that Taiwan is a province of China.

I contend in this article that it would be morally intolerable for the island and people of Taiwan to come under Communist rule; and I forecast, with reservations I shall spell out, that it will, in fact, escape this fate.

One of my purposes in returning to Taiwan, by invitation of the Institute of International Relations in Taipei, was to try out my private solution to the Taiwanese problem on the existing political leadership. It was, as I expected, rejected, but in terms which lead me to expect that, in time, something like it will in fact be adopted.

I start from an analogy between the Arab nation and the Chinese nation. (The comparison is legalistic, not ethnic or cultural.) As Nasser used to say, "there is one Arab nation, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Persian Gulf" (yes, he actually said "Persian"). Yet within that one nation, 14 or 15 governments exercise their individual sovereignties. Why not, then, recognize that there is but one Chinese nation, within which at least two and possibly more sovereign states exist? The most obvious ones are those whose governments are in Peking and Taipei; but it could be argued that Lee Kuan-yew's Republic of Singapore is another. (Would it be straining the constitutional imagination too far to postulate a Chinese Republic of Hong Kong in the closing years of this century?)

To advocate, at some suitable date, the proclamation of a "Chinese Republic of Taiwan" is not at all the same as the "Two Chinas" theory roundly condemned by Mao and Chiang. Nor has it anything to do with the so-called "Taiwanese independence movement," which was a Japanese-supported and Tokyo-based dissident group advocating independence for the Taiwanese—that is, for the descendants of the followers of the Ming patriot Koxinga, who settled the island in 1661 to escape Manchu rule, and whose native Chinese dialect is Fukiennese. Some years ago, the top leaders of that movement dropped their claims and returned to Taiwan.

The value of Taiwan's trade exceeds that of Mainland China, with fifty times the population

As for the "Two Chinas" idea, it would mean de jure recognition of the present de facto (and logically absurd) situation in which two regimes each claim to be the government of the whole of China.

In contrast, a Chinese Republic of Taiwan would renounce its claim to the Mainland (or at the least, its claim to govern the Mainland), and proclaim its sovereign rule over all the inhabitants of the territories now actually controlled by the government of the Republic of China, which include the Kinmen and Matsu islands and the Pescadores.

On paper, this solution looks attractive. In private, as I discovered during my visit, many ordinary citizens, and even some officials, are already thinking on these lines. It did not take me long, however, to be convinced that it stands no chance of acceptance in the immediate future.

The interesting thing, perhaps, was that members of the national provincial governments were willing to discuss the idea at all. In 1957 it would have courted an angry dismissal. In those days, the daily refrain, in the press and in speeches, was the imminent "recovery of the Mainland." Now that theme has become muted. But the myth of the return, which sustains the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) and justifies its rule, is still alive and cannot lightly be discarded. Only now it is presented in a different way. The Nationalists see themselves—not unreasonably at a time when Mao's regime is explicitly committed to destroying China's cultural and philosophical past—as the custodians of China's great and ancient culture.

Besides, the argument goes on, look at what is happening on the Mainland. And indeed, the proposition that the Chinese People's Republic is a self-perpetuating autocracy (as the Soviet Union demonstrably is) remains to be proved. Mao Tse-tung destroyed the existing Communist Party (as created by Liu Shao-ch'i) during the Cultural Revolution, and it may be doubted that the new Party organization is as effective an instrument of repression as the old. His designated heir, Lin Piao, is dead and disgraced. A reshuffle of military commanders last January raised questions about ultimate loyalties; and the new Party leaders, such as Wang Hung-wen, the promoted Shanghai activist, enjoy only such prestige as Mao has conferred upon them. Most significant of all, the ablest executive of them all, Chou En-lai, is not now expected to be there to provide a steadying influence when Mao is gone. Observing these things, the Nationalists argue that this is not the time to renounce their claims to the Mainland. There is force in the argument.

The ages of the victorious and vanquished leaders of the Chinese civil war have an important bearing on the survival of Taiwan. Mao Tse-tung is 81; Chiang Kai-shek is about to celebrate his 87th birthday. Mao is still active, still able to shock and surprise. Chiang has played little part in public affairs since his very capable and energetic son, himself 68, took over as Premier some

Mr. Crozier founded the Institute for the Study of Conflict in London, to study revolutionary challenges to security all over the world.

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years ago. But his presence in the background, with his long and extraordinary story of leadership, success and failure behind him, inhibits fundamental change, if indeed it is needed.

There has been much facile talk of a deal between Peking and Taipei when Chiang is no longer. Such talk is unrealistic, for it takes two to make a deal, and on the Nationalist side there is absolutely no incentive to negotiate. Any accommodation with the Mainland regime could only erode, and ultimately jeopardize, the way of life and the standard of living that have been built on Taiwan. Nor is there any difference, on this score, between the Taiwanese and the Mainlanders, for all share in the prosperity and relative freedom. For that matter, the old tensions between the two communities have largely subsided, not only because of the shared success story, but because of the far-sighted policy of conducting all teaching in standard Peking Chinese (Mandarin) since the return of the island to Chinese rule, so that all but the aging elders of Taiwanese stock can understand each other.

The trouble is that as the Taiwan success story grows, so does the affront to Peking

The formula favored by those who talk of a "deal" is the conferment of "autonomous province" status on Taiwan by the Chinese People's Republic. On Taiwan itself, no one is going to fall for that one. Autonomous status would mean the presence of the People's Liberation Army, Party cadres, and in time (as in Tibet) the coercive inauguration of "reforms."

The only situation in which a "deal" could be negotiated would be one of duress, with the withdrawal of American protection and irresistible pressure for a settlement. In politics, nothing is quite impossible, but even now any American Administration that attempted to pressure the Nationalists into a surrender of sovereignty would be inviting a massive outcry not limited to members of the "China lobby."

Alternatively, a surrender deal would presuppose a renewal of the civil war, with a successful Communist invasion of the island. In military terms alone, this too looks unlikely. The best expert advice is that the Chinese Communist navy and air force could probably not land more than three divisions of assault troops on the island. Even without American protection, the Nationalist forces could deal with a threat of this order.

In this context, the ambiguity that hangs over America's intentions has its uses. As things stand, the security of Taiwan and the minor islands is guaranteed by the United States under the Mutual Defense Treaty of December 1954, although any action is limited, as usual in treaties to which the U.S. is a party, by "constitutional processes."

The treaty is of indefinite duration. But will it remain operative if, and when, the United States decides to recognize the Chinese People's Republic, thereby, it would seem, withdrawing recognition of the other party to the treaty and therefore the obligation to protect its territories? That is the crux of the issue, and all over the Far East—especially in Taipei—American diplomatic staffs anxiously, and so far in vain, await clarification.

Recognition of Peking is, of course, part of the logic of the Nixon-Kissinger rapprochement with the Chinese Communists. On his recent visit to Peking, Senator Henry Jackson recommended early recognition in his report to the Senate Armed Services Committee. It is fair to suppose that he did so in the light of his realistic appreciation of the Soviet strategic threat; but I am not sure that he has sufficiently studied the consequences. True, his report said: "As I told the Chinese in Peking, we will honor our treaty with Taiwan as we do others. Yet, fundamentally, the American commitment is to the people on Taiwan and not to any particular formula."

Is it? That is precisely where clarification has not been forthcoming. Nor does the Shanghai Communiqué of February 27, 1972, which concluded Nixon's visit to Peking, help in this respect, for it does not mention the Mutual Defense Treaty. In it the Americans reaffirmed their "interest in a peaceful settlement of the Taiwan question by the Chinese themselves" (which falls short of the "deal" that is talked about); the Americans are committed to the progressive reduction of tension, but the Chinese Communists made no commitment to refrain from using force over Taiwan. They did agree that "international disputes" should be settled without the threat or the use of force; but by their definition, the status of Taiwan is not an international dispute.

There are grounds for hoping that American diplomacy is pressing the need to maintain a diplomatic presence even if normal diplomatic relations are established with Peking. It will be interesting to see whether they succeed. From Peking's standpoint an important question of principle and the risk of a dangerous precedent are involved. If conceded, other countries would want to do as the Americans do.

The Chinese Communists are being adamant in insisting that governments cannot expect to deal with them if they also deal with Taiwan. From the Nationalist standpoint all this is highly inconvenient. With Chinese ingenuity, they are opening trade and/or cultural offices in countries that have withdrawn diplomatic recognition from their government and persuading them to do likewise. Sensibly, many have done so.

For the Nationalists, the phase that began with the Nixon visit to Peking demands strong nerves, as well as ingenuity. They lack neither. Some of them draw attention to the probability that neither Japan nor the Soviet Union would accept a Peking takeover, even if the Americans stopped protecting them; although any military deal with the Russians would be highly distasteful.

The Nationalists see themselves as the custodians of China's great and ancient culture

Will it ever come to that? The trouble is that as the Taiwan success story grows, so does the affront to Peking. In an identical situation, East Germany built a wall across Berlin to fence its people in. The hundred-mile-wide Taiwan Strait is an effective moat, but refugees do come across, as they do in undiminishing numbers to Hong Kong.

The only hope of peaceful reunification, I believe, lies in a collapse of central authority within a year or two of Mao's death. If no such collapse takes place, then I would expect, in time, to see the proclamation of a Chinese Republic of Taiwan. □

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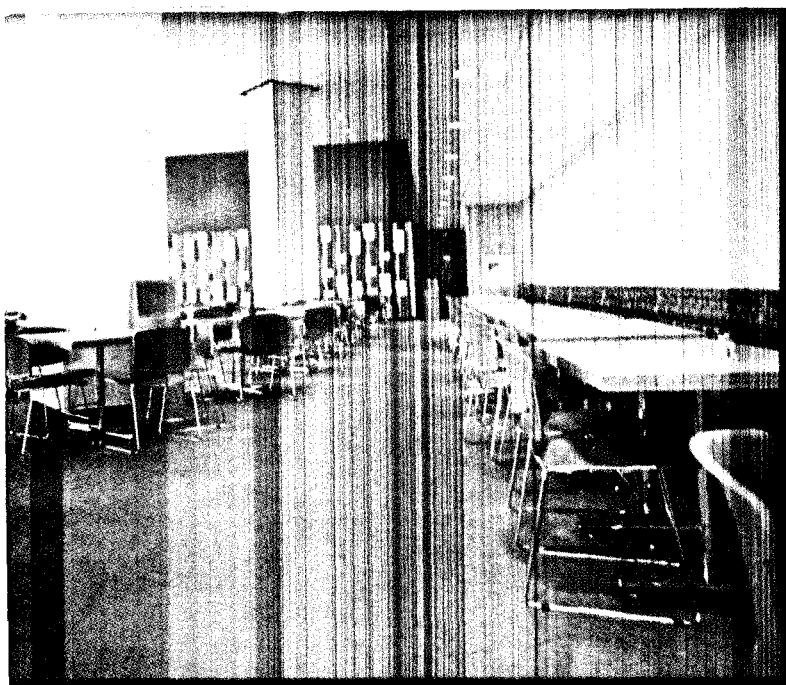
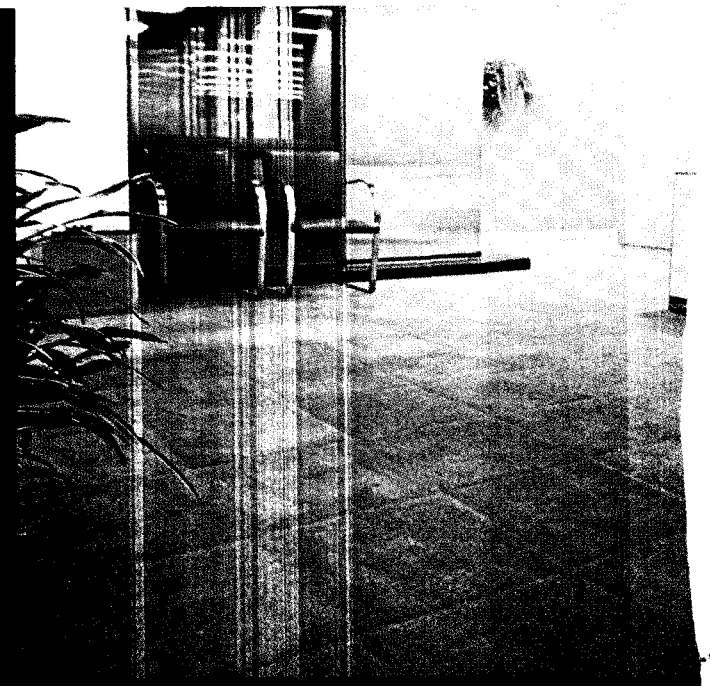


New AAA Building in Fairfax, Va., calls for 20,000 sq. yds. of Milliken's MILSTAR® Corporate Square. In the dining room, free-lay tiles can be quickly removed for cleaning when spillage occurs to prevent soil tracking.



Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, carpet new Chicago office with MILSTAR Corporate Square free-lay tiles for the versatility they offer, particularly when office partitions are moved.

Milliken Carpets cover a

Landmark Inn, new high-rise motel in Myrtle Beach, S. C., features Milliken carpets in all public areas. PALACE LIGHTS pattern, shown, was chosen for its colorful design and costly look at reasonable cost.

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Nan Lyons Elementary School is one of the new Tucson, Ariz., schools carpeted with MILSTAR Corporate Square. The free-lay tiles provide durability, and planned rotation helps compensate for heavy traffic patterns.

lot of important territory.

After extensive research, University Community Hospital administration in Tampa, Fla., chose Milliken's SKYLINE carpet for the handsome new wing. Decisive factors: Static control, soil-hiding properties, heavy-duty quality.

If it's in the future of carpets, chances are it will come from Milliken.

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If television only played favorites, you wouldn't see many of these programs.

If television only wanted to reach for the biggest audiences every night, it would be easy enough.

It could simply feed people a steady diet of the most popular program types. Situation comedies, suspense and police dramas.

But to do this would sap the vitality of a medium that can satisfy many tastes.

The weeks ahead would bring you no Shakespeare or Arthur Miller. No documentaries on the relationship of men and women, on Renaissance art, on Anwar Sadat, on drinking water and on safety standards. There'd be no prime-time specials for children.

Whatever your preferences, television seeks to serve them with novelty and variety. With attention to special needs. With awareness that, for many, television is the only avenue to history and drama and information.

To illustrate this point—and help the selective viewer—here is a sampling of entries for December and January.

The Wild Places. Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward are guides in majestic natural areas. Monday, Dec. 2 (8-9 pm).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's Civil War novel. Tuesday, Dec. 3 (8:30-10 pm).

The American Parade. Portrait of General George C. Marshall. Thursday, Dec. 5 (9-10 pm); The Case Against Milligan. Sunday, Jan. 19 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Caution: Water May Be Dangerous to Your Health. CBS Reports on health hazards in drinking water. Thursday, Dec. 5 (10-11 pm).

My Fair Lady. Lerner and Lowe musical. Saturday, Dec. 7 (9-11 pm); Monday, Dec. 9 (9-10:45 pm).

The Year Without A Santa Claus. Based on Phyllis McGinley novel, with voices of Shirley Booth, Mickey Rooney. Tuesday, Dec. 10 (8-9 pm).

After the Fall. Arthur Miller's play with Faye Dunaway, Christopher Plummer. Tuesday, Dec. 10 (8:30-11 pm).

Out to Lunch. Family comedy-variety produced by Children's Television Workshop with Elliott Gould, Barbara Eden, Sesame Street Muppets. Tuesday, Dec. 10 (9-10 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Magical Mystery Trip Through Little Red's Head; Pssst! Hammerman's After You!; The Runaway. Wednesdays, Dec. 11, Jan. 8, Jan. 22 (4:30-5:30 pm).

NBC News Presents. UFO: Do You Believe? Sunday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm); The Navajo Way. Monday, Dec. 23 (10-11 pm).

Ben Franklin. The Whirlwind. Tuesday, Dec. 17 (9:30-11 pm); The Rebel. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8:30-10 pm); The Statesman. Tuesday, Jan. 28 (8:30-10 pm).

The Missiles of October. Dramatic account of U.S.-U.S.S.R. confrontation. Wednesday, Dec. 18 (8-11 pm).

Anwar Sadat. ABC News Action Biography of Egypt's President. Thursday, Dec. 19 (10-11 pm).

1974: A Television Album. CBS News survey of year's major events. Sunday, Dec. 22 (6-7 pm).

Scrooge. Musical with Albert Finney, Alec Guinness, Edith Evans. Monday, Dec. 23 (8-10 pm).

GE Theater. I Heard the Owl Call My Name. Monday, Dec. 23 (8:30-10 pm); Miles to Go Before I Sleep. Wednesday, Jan. 8 (9:30-11 pm).

The Politics of Safety. ABC News Close-Up on lax safety standards in transportation. Thursday, Dec. 26 (8-9 pm).

Antony and Cleopatra. ABC Theatre—Royal Shakespeare Company production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Saturday, Jan. 4 (8-11 pm).

Golden Spring. Renaissance art filmed in Venice, Florence, Rome. Sunday, Jan. 5 (3-4 pm).

Year-End Report. NBC News correspondents review year's highlights. Sunday, Jan. 5 (time TBA).

Beavers of the North Country. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Monday, Jan. 6 (8-9 pm).

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men. ABC Theatre—Negro Ensemble Company in drama set in Harlem. Monday, Jan. 6 (9-11 pm).

Antonio and the Mayor. Effect a boy's new bicycle has on rural Mexican community. Wednesday, Jan. 8 (8-9:30 pm).

Tennessee Ernie's Nashville-Moscow Express. Ford and Co. bring our music to Russia, visit sites never filmed before. Wednesday, January 8 (10-11 pm).

Rikki Tikki Tavi. Rudyard Kipling tale. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8-8:30 pm).

Adventure in America. ABC News explores forest fire threat. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8-9 pm).

NBC News Special. Explores basic, revolutionary transformation under way in relationships between men and women. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8-11 pm).

The Count of Monte Cristo. Bell System Family Theatre—New production of Dumas novel. Friday, Jan. 10 (8-10 pm).

Stowaway to the Moon. Boy's adventure on space flight. Friday, Jan. 17 (8-10 pm).

Queen of the Stardust Ballroom. Maureen Stapleton in drama of widow's struggle. Thursday, Jan. 23 (9-11 pm).

Be My Valentine, Charlie Brown. Tuesday, Jan. 28 (8-8:30 pm).

Smithsonian: Flight. History of aviation. Friday, Jan. 31 (9-10 pm).

ABC News Close-Up. Investigates illegal immigration. Date and time TBA.

MOSTLY FOR YOUNG VIEWERS

Santa Claus is Coming to Town, Thurs., Dec. 5 (8-9 pm); **Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus,** Fri., Dec. 6 (8-8:30 pm); **The Man Without A Country,** Fri., Dec. 6 (8:30-10 pm); **The Count of Monte Cristo,** Sat., Dec. 7 (4-5 pm); **A Christmas Carol,** Sat., Dec. 7 (8-8:30 pm); **The Point,** Sat., Dec. 7 (8:30-10 pm); **Frosty the Snowman,** Sun., Dec. 8 (7:30-8 pm); **'Twas the Night Before Christmas,** Sun., Dec. 8 (8-8:30 pm); **The Homecoming,** Sun., Dec. 8 (8:30-10:30 pm); **Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas,** Fri., Dec. 13 (8-8:30 pm); **Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer,** Fri., Dec. 13 (8:30-9:30 pm); **The Borrowers,** Fri., Dec. 13 (8:30-10 pm); **The House Without A Christmas Tree,** Fri., Dec. 13 (9:30-11 pm); **A Christmas Carol,** Sat., Dec. 14 (2-3 pm); **The Little Drummer Boy,** Sun., Dec. 15 (7:30-8 pm); **The Bear Who Slept Through Christmas,** Mon., Dec. 16 (8-8:30 pm); **A Charlie Brown Christmas,** Tues., Dec. 17 (8-8:30 pm); **A Dream For Christmas,** Sat., Dec. 21 (8-10 pm); **Aesop's Fables,** Mon., Dec. 23 (8-8:30 pm); **A Child's Christmas in Wales,** Wed., Dec. 25 (3:30-4:30 pm); **Dr. Seuss' The Cat in the Hat,** Fri., Jan. 31 (8-8:30 pm); **The Little Mermaid,** Fri., Jan. 31 (8:30-9 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/Emergency+4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/U.S. of Archie/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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The Ordeal of Amnesty International

Can an organization overcome its left wing bias and broaden its base to increase its already considerable effectiveness? Amnesty International wants to know too

GEORGE H. NASH

ITS SYMBOL is a candle surrounded by barbed wire. Its premise is the conviction that "no man is an island entire of itself" and that we are all our brother's keeper. Its creed is the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and its "bible," to use the words of one of its spokesmen, is *The Gulag Archipelago*. Its goal is nothing less than freedom for every "prisoner of conscience" in the world.

Amnesty International, founded in 1961, is a private, voluntary, and increasingly prestigious "worldwide human rights movement" which seeks "the release of persons imprisoned, restricted, or detained because of their political, religious, or other conscientiously held beliefs, or by reason of their ethnic origin, color, or language, provided they have neither used nor advocated violence." After a rather slow beginning in the 1960s, Amnesty is growing rapidly; it now has nearly 40,000 members in approximately sixty countries, primarily in Western Europe and the United States. On a global scale these figures may seem trivial, but, according to a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee, Amnesty International is already "the largest international human rights organization both in terms of membership and staff."

One undoubted source of Amnesty's appeal is its distinctive organization. Although single memberships are possible, its unique feature is its local "adoption" groups, which usually vary from five to 25 individuals. There are now more than 1,400 such clusters, including 102, at last count, in the United States. Amnesty was born with the conviction that resolutions, press releases, and occasional conferences would never alone suffice to liberate the hundreds of thousands of persons who are languishing in prisons around the world simply for their beliefs. *Pressure* is needed—citizen pressure—which enterprising groups create.

How? Amnesty's secretariat, located in London, conducts and supervises research on potential "prisoners of conscience" and dispatches case sheets to groups for "adoption." Every group is supposed to receive a set of three prisoners from different ideological and geographical backgrounds—traditionally, one each from a Communist, Western, and "Third World" nation—but none from a group's own country. Amnesty currently has under adoption more than 3,500 prisoners, including 24 in the United States. The Americans are generally in two categories: Vietnam war resisters and black militants, who, in Amnesty's opinion, have been mistreated or framed.

Upon receiving their list of prisoners, the groups swing into action. Members may bombard a government with continuous written requests that Prisoner X be released—a favorite tactic. They may try to send letters—even financial aid—to the prisoner or his family. Special campaigns, such as the recent international Prisoner of Conscience Week, may be organized. In a variety of ways—from diplomatic contacts to picketing a trade mission—Amnesty groups work to persuade governments to let their prisoners go.

A quixotic enterprise? Undoubtedly. Yet surprisingly often, Amnesty gets results. As the organization's officials explain it, governments do not enjoy harassment and adverse publicity—or the political complications that such publicity can produce. Of the more than 13,000 prisoners whom Amnesty has adopted since its founding, at least half have been freed. Although no one would attribute all these releases directly to Amnesty, in many cases its intervention has probably been decisive.

And with success has come recognition. One sign of this new eminence is the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize last month to Sean MacBride, chairman of Amnesty's International Executive

Mr. Nash is the author of the soon-to-be published and eagerly awaited A Dance along the Precipice: The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America, 1945-1972.

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Council for almost a decade. Another is the appearances of its spokesmen before Congress in the past year; one Amnesty officer explained to me: "Our clout on the Hill is not to be believed." As Amnesty has grown in resources, it has begun to venture beyond traditional, limited concern for the release of prisoners. Last year, for example, many European Amnesty groups provided relief for refugees from the coup in Chile. Moreover, the organization categorically opposes the death penalty and is currently sponsoring a worldwide campaign for the abolition of torture, which it hopes to render "as unthinkable as slavery."

Evidence abounds, then, that Amnesty International is destined to become the preeminent human rights lobby of our time, a force to reckon with in international politics. This alone would justify scrutiny of its principles and its performance. But the task acquires a special urgency for another reason. Amnesty asserts—persuasively, I think—that it is "independent of any government, political party, or religious creed." Regrettably, however, it is not free of ideology, and one ideology above all: liberalism.

Isn't it odd that torture is increasing almost everywhere that Amnesty looks—except in Eastern Europe and the USSR?

FOR DESPITE its efforts to be rigidly nonpolitical, Amnesty International is unmistakably an organization of the Left. Many of its members—particularly in West Germany—are youthful New Leftists; the rest are overwhelmingly liberal. This monolithic constituency is reflected in the composition of the National Advisory Council and National Board of Directors of its American section (AIUSA): names like Ramsey Clark, Frank Mankiewicz, Stewart Mott, and George Wald dominate the list. The political allies of AIUSA are also uniformly drawn from the Left: Senators Abourezk and Javits, for example, and Representative Michael Harrington (D., Mass.). The new executive director of AIUSA is a former antiwar leader and press aide to Daniel Ellsberg. The leftward tilt of Amnesty has been heavily reinforced by the recent massive infusion of young, superliberal activists from California, which now contains well over half of AIUSA's membership. According to Mark Benenson, a New York attorney who is AIUSA's Counsel, some of these new recruits came to the movement after participating in the antiwar and McGovern campaigns. Many have joined in response to appeals from Joan Baez, a recent convert to the cause. The only prominent conservative on the lengthy masthead is William F. Buckley, currently a member of the National Advisory Council. He served for two years as a director, but pulled away from a position of formal authority on the grounds (expressed in a letter to Mark Benenson) that he was never able to attend meetings of the directors, and that he detected, in some of Amnesty's statements, a "creeping antinomianism."

All this would hardly be newsworthy except for one fact: Amnesty strenuously insists that it is *not* an ordinary ideological protest movement. It claims to *transcend* partisanship and speaks proudly of its "global impartiality." Precisely, in part, because of these bold assertions, Amnesty has grown in respectability and clout. Nevertheless, its membership, personnel, and appeal place it squarely on the left.

Are Amnesty's vaunted objectivity and "rigorous balance," therefore, a myth? After interviewing several of its officers and studying its publications, I would refrain from so negative a judgment. Many Amnesty officers acknowledge the acute imbalance in their organization and are striving to compensate for it. Amnesty is an unusual phenomenon: a liberal organization that wishes to be genuinely nonpartisan. Nevertheless, despite what may be the best of intentions, Amnesty's left of center ambience is generating some disturbing and relentless pressures. I am not convinced that it is adequately meeting this challenge.

Perhaps the most obvious temptation concerns its definition of "prisoner of conscience." Since its inception, Amnesty has declined to adopt prisoners who use or advocate violence. Although a significant number of Amnesty's members are pacifists who believe that any violence is immoral, the decisive argument has always been prudential: if Amnesty should defend revolutionaries and terrorists, its effectiveness would decline. It would be less able to persuade governments to release nonviolent prisoners if it were indiscriminately supporting those who use or advocate violence as well.

So far this sensible position has prevailed. But Amnesty contains a vocal and apparently growing minority that annually attempts at International Council meetings to define violent revolutionaries as "prisoners of conscience." After all, the argument goes, are there not illegitimate regimes in which violent resistance is the only available option? (The favorite example, predictably enough, seems to be South Africa.) But who is to determine which regimes are illegitimate? This logic can produce some bizarre offspring. A few years ago, a number of Amnesty's members sought to adopt Daniel Berrigan, incarcerated for destroying draft records in Maryland. Was he not, it was argued, a "prisoner of conscience" because of his opposition to the Vietnam War? Amnesty rightfully refused to adopt Berrigan—he had undeniably used violence—but the dispute was a revealing one. More recently, the International Council of 1974 witnessed an effort—led, as usual, by the West Germans and the Swedes—to weaken Amnesty's statutory prohibitions on violence. The amendment would, in effect, have permitted Amnesty to adopt prisoners who "advocate" violence—so long as they do not directly "instigate" or "use" it. Although this proposal was defeated (a two-thirds vote was needed; the motion received less than 50 per cent), the advocates of latitudinarianism came closer to success this year than ever before. One senses, too, that the battle is not over; Dr. Amelia Augustus, former executive director of AIUSA, believes that the American section may eventually resemble the West German. The impulse toward the "radicalization" of Amnesty is strong.

ALTHOUGH Amnesty has managed to hold the line on the issue of violence, its overall theoretical position is dangerously more elastic. According to Amnesty, no one should ever be imprisoned for his "beliefs"—provided, of course, they do not entail violence. But surely some actions that are not literally vio-

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lent are still properly punishable. Consider one of Amnesty's current adoptees, Encarnación Formenti Arener ("Cani") of Spain. "Cani," a member of the outlawed pro-Chinese Communist Party, was sentenced in 1970 to 16 years—in Amnesty's words—"for illicit association and illegal propaganda in behalf of" her party. She was no naive, insignificant follower, but a dedicated member of the Central Committee. Why, then, is she a "prisoner of conscience"? Does Amnesty contend that "conscience" and the right of political association encompass even the right to organize a movement which undoubtedly seeks the violent overthrow of the government of Spain and the establishment of a Marxist dictatorship?

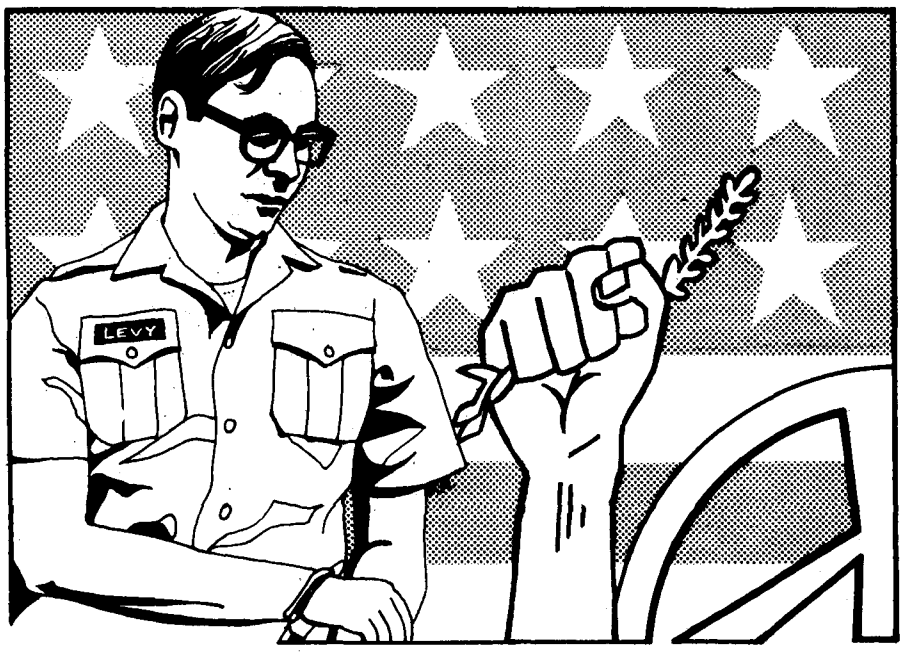
Perhaps Cani's prison sentence is excessive; perhaps (as Amnesty claims) her prison conditions are "inexcusably severe." Perhaps she herself never openly "advocated" violence (at least explicitly enough for Amnesty to notice). Nevertheless she is indisputably a leader of a totalitarian political party, and official Maoist doctrine is: "Political power comes from the barrel of a gun." Whatever the prudent course of action for a government in a given circumstance may be, there is no *theoretical* reason why it must permit unconditional liberty to those who intend to destroy it. Amnesty International, however, with its ideology of absolutist civil libertarianism, is evidently willing to defend Marxist revolutionaries—just so long as they don't utter the magic word "violence." Everything they do up to the moment they are *ready* to use violence is apparently permissible.

Another instance in which Amnesty's commitment to "conscience" leads to some dubious results is the celebrated case of Captain Howard Levy, the Army doctor who, in 1966, refused orders to give medical training to the Green Berets. In addition, Levy lectured soldiers under his command on the "immorality" of the Vietnam War and urged Negro soldiers in particular to refuse to go to Vietnam. For these acts Levy was court-martialed and sentenced to three years at hard labor; the Supreme Court recently upheld his conviction. While he was in prison, Amnesty International adopted him as a "prisoner of conscience."

> **Perhaps the most inexcusable lapse from Amnesty's avowed neutrality is its recently published report on Chile since the coup of September 1973**

No doubt Captain Levy sincerely opposed the war in Vietnam. Nor did he "use" or "advocate" violence. Still, the case was more complicated than that; Amnesty seems to have ignored these complications. For Levy was not simply penalized "for his beliefs." Not only did he follow his conscience and disobey orders, but he was convicted of repeatedly *urging others to do the same.* Here is a sample of what he was charged with saying to soldiers *on duty, under his command*: "I would refuse to go to Vietnam if ordered to do so. I do not see why any colored soldier would go to Vietnam. They should refuse to go to Vietnam; and if sent, they should refuse to fight. . . . Special Forces personnel are liars and thieves and killers of peasants and murderers of women and children." For statements such as these—made frequently and deliberately—Captain Levy was convicted of a "design to promote disloyalty and dissatisfaction among the troops . . . to the prejudice of good order and discipline in the armed forces."

To counsel soldiers under one's command to refuse orders to enter a combat zone may well reflect "conscientiously held beliefs." But it is also a highly significant *act* which could have extremely serious, even irreparable, consequences.



And so we begin to wonder: can a person do *anything* short of violence and become an Amnesty "prisoner of conscience," provided only that the person is patently sincere? Where do we draw the line? Two years ago Amnesty sent an observer to the trial of Daniel Ellsberg, accused of espionage, theft, and conspiracy in the Pentagon Papers case. If he had been convicted, would Amnesty have adopted him? Last year Joan Baez refused to pay a portion of her income tax, evidently because she objected to the military and the Vietnam War. Presumably the government impounded her bank account, as it has done in previous years. But suppose that the government had imprisoned Miss Baez instead: would Amnesty have adopted her? She committed no "violence." She clearly acted for reasons of "conscience." Yet she also flouted an elementary—and universal—political obligation.

What is so disconcerting about these and many similar cases is not only Amnesty's inclusion of all manner of acts under the expansive canopy of "conscience" and "opinion." Even more disturbing is its apparent belief that non-

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violent acts committed in the name of conscience—no matter what their consequences—should be totally exempted from any punishment whatsoever. Professor Ivan Morris, chairman of Amnesty's American section, has stated: "The fact that someone has broken a law is totally irrelevant from our point of view. I should imagine that almost every single prisoner we've ever worked for has broken some law. Our argument would be that any law which puts people in prison as a result of expressing their opinion is an unjust law and is, in fact, in contravention of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights."

HERE IS a position which renders even the philosophy of nonviolence of Martin Luther King moderate by comparison. For King, in effect, proposed a trade to the authorities he defied: I will disobey the law in the name of higher morality, but I will then submit to the legal consequences. Amnesty's position, it seems to me, is more extreme: I will violate the law in the name of my conscience, *and you must then submit to my conscience by not punishing me at all, regardless of the consequences.*

It is this reasoning which probably explains Amnesty International's support for selective conscientious objection to the Vietnam War on purely political grounds and its approval of unconditional amnesty for draft resisters and deserters. When Amnesty asked the United States Government in 1969 to declare an amnesty for all prisoners and exiles who had refused, "on grounds of principle, to participate in the Vietnam War," it cited America's "tradition of freedom of dissent." But expressions of "principle" and the "freedom of dissent" do not occur in a vacuum—a point that appears to elude Amnesty. Because of the "dissent" of those who deserted or fled into exile, probably 1,500 of the American draftees who replaced them died in Vietnam, and 10,000 more were wounded, according to the estimate of William Rusher. The possibility that all claims of conscience may not be equally valid or even sincere—the assumption behind President Ford's conditional amnesty program—is evidently not considered by Amnesty International. The possibility that the claims of law and equity may be eroded by an easy acquiescence in every person's invocation of "conscience" seems not to trouble Amnesty. Instead, Amnesty exhibits a disconcerting propensity to exalt the rights of conscience to the exclusion of all other legitimate considerations—such as respect for law, military order, and harmony in the community.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am not denigrating the importance of conscience or the earnest convictions of the prisoners whom Amnesty has adopted. Yet Amnesty, with its abstract commitment to the right of conscience, seems to assume that such a right—no matter how exercised (short of violence)—carries with it virtually no reciprocal obligations or responsibilities. Can Amnesty reasonably expect governments—and particularly free, democratic governments which are presumably responsive to the conscience of the majority—to yield automatically to the commands of every individual's inner voice? William Rusher has made the point succinctly: "Each person is, at bottom, answerable first to his own individual conscience, and must therefore disobey a law that squarely transgresses his religion or other conscientious scruples. But it doesn't follow that the state must give way before such scruples."

Meditation on these issues might enable Amnesty to overcome another distracting susceptibility: the temptation to confuse a prisoner's plight with a prisoner's cause. Too often, Amnesty's case sheets tend to glamorize its prisoners and to present a tendentious (and vague) account of their circumstances. Thus Amnesty's literature on "Cani," the imprisoned Spanish Communist, gratuitously informs us that she is "radiant," "vivacious," and "keenly involved" in prison life. (Among the activities she has been "keenly involved" in was a hunger strike and prison demonstration, allegedly against "bad conditions.") Moreover, Amnesty cannot resist adding that "Cani," before her arrest, was "determined to raise the political consciousness of Spanish women." What this devoted Marxist actually believed and did for Spanish women, however, Amnesty does not say. A similar case is that of Elsa Rudolfi, a Chilean actress arrested last year (says Amnesty) as "part of the junta's attempt to destroy the popular arts in Chile." But *why* is the military government supposedly trying to destroy the "popular arts"? We are not told. Indeed, is it literally trying to "destroy" the arts or to reconstruct them? Is its target the "popular arts" per se—as Amnesty implies—or *Marxist-dominated* artistic institutions of the Allende era? Was Rudolfi an active supporter of the Allende government? We are not told. Perhaps she *is* unjustifiably detained. But how can we be certain on the basis of the meager evidence Amnesty has supplied?

A particularly noticeable example of this tendency to mingle sympathy and ideology is a poster on the wall of AIUSA's New York office. It reads: "Blessed are the peacemakers; in Saigon they are prisoners." Is there not a distinction between the right to do something and the rightness of the deed? One may well believe that Vietnamese neutralists imprisoned by President Thieu should be released, but surely it does not follow that their *political* platform is correct (as Amnesty's poster implies). Their position might, in fact, be erroneous: their passion for peace is not necessarily synonymous with peace*making*. This poster is, I fear, another instance of Amnesty's liberal sentiments corroding its objectivity. Certainly Amnesty ought to be able to assist a "prisoner of conscience" without idolizing him or his political viewpoint. It might ponder the words of the liberal columnist James Wechsler two decades ago: "What is most difficult for many of us to learn is that a man may be cruelly martyred without necessarily being right."

Despite its efforts to be rigidly nonpolitical, Amnesty International is unmistakably an organization of the Left

SINCE Amnesty is undeniably a left of center organization, the question naturally arises: does this disposition seriously affect its actions as well as its principles? Here the crucial test is simple: does Amnesty display a greater zeal for exposing the sins of right wing regimes than those of left wing (particularly Communist) dictatorships? Is

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> **Until Amnesty can point to such evidence of reform, American conservatives will understandably—and properly—be reluctant to support it**

Amnesty's work as truly dispassionate, objective, and evenly distributed as it asserts?

After surveying the evidence, I do not believe that Amnesty practices a systematic double standard. To its enduring credit, Amnesty's concern appears to be genuinely universal. It adopts hundreds of prisoners in the Communist countries, intervenes for dissenters in the USSR, and publishes an English translation of the Russian underground *Chronicle of Current Events* when it appears. According to Ivan Morris, an Amnesty group has just recently been established in the Soviet Union. I am told that Andrei Sakharov has praised Amnesty on several occasions and that Amnesty was the first organization to inform the world about the Soviet use of psychiatry as a weapon against dissenters.

These activities are commendable and enhance Amnesty's credibility. But for reasons partly beyond its control, but partly well within its power, Amnesty does not always attain an ideal balance and impartiality. One problem, which many of my interviewees emphasized, is that it is much easier for Amnesty to obtain information about repression in authoritarian rightist countries than in totalitarian leftist countries. Last year Amnesty was actually able to send an investigative team to Chile under the junta and was allowed considerable freedom in its work. It has yet to receive similar cooperation from a single Communist government. One American Amnesty leader, Ginetta Sagan, told me that she was able to slip into Greece under the Colonels last June; she would not have dared to go to Albania or Cuba.

Amnesty should not, of course, be blamed for this continuing difficulty. It is simply a fact of world politics that right wing regimes are usually less insulated and more susceptible than Communist dictatorships to pressure from a predominantly Western, liberal, humanitarian movement. But the resulting disproportion in Amnesty's reporting and activities is vexing, for it inevitably promotes a distorted perception of the true dimensions of political repression in the world. And distorted perceptions can easily produce defective political judgments. If one reads Amnesty's 1973 report on torture, for example, with its 25-page case study on Greece, two pages on China, and one paragraph on North Korea, the likely result will be a focusing of one's indignation on the torture that is known (Greece) rather than on that which is unknown (China, North Korea). The fact that, as Amnesty's own report acknowledges, torture in Greece has received "clearly a disproportionate amount" of attention relative to torture worldwide—this fact is apt to be lost in the general uproar about Greece. Amnesty correctly contends that torture is hideous and wrong and should be exposed wherever it occurs. Yet if it can be effectively documented only in rightist regimes, Amnesty's claim to be truly international may in the long run be weakened.

The Amnesty officials I interviewed acknowledged these deficiencies and are anxious, I believe to correct them. They point out, for example, that their organization has conducted discussions with the Soviet government in the past year and has recently undertaken a major research project on Cuba—a country where Amnesty has been conscious, says Mark Benenson, of being "short." According to Sean MacBride, much can be achieved by "sheer discussion with governments," provided they recognize Amnesty's objectivity. Although these initiatives are encouraging, clearly the most persistent efforts are required. In fact, there is now a shortage of documented cases from Communist countries, and Amnesty is no longer able to supply every group with the proper ideological balance of adoptions.

While Amnesty cannot be censured for Communist intransigence and the resultant gaps in the record, it should be held accountable for its interpretation of the data it does receive. Unfortunately, here also ideology intrudes. Amnesty's treatment of Communist countries in its *Report on Torture* last year is a case in point. It declares that "attitudes toward torture have changed considerably in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union" since Stalin. This in itself is a debatable statement, given the "re-Stalinization" of recent years. But Amnesty's optimism is even more arresting: "Though prison conditions and the rights of the prisoners detained on political charges in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union may [!] still be in many cases unsatisfactory [!], torture as a government-sanctioned, Stalinist practice has ceased." This remarkable sentence has been labeled "egregious nonsense" by *The Economist*; Amnesty's own evidence just a few pages later completely refutes this assertion. Per-

(Continues on page 1425)

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SPECIAL REPORT

Kudirka Lands in America

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

I ARRIVED by taxi, rumpled and tieless, at the Waldorf Astoria, where I was sent on an editorial spur of the moment to cover the press conference of Simas Kudirka, the Lithuanian sailor, the only Lithuanian many Americans have ever heard of. We don't have much contact with Eastern Europe, we Americans. Their languages are no kin to ours, and an Iron Curtain has come to seem an almost natural kind of boundary between them and us. I found the Louis XVI room, plush and high-ceilinged, where the conference was to be held. I was early. A few distinguished-looking but unrecognizable men were conversing quietly in Lithuanian while TV crews arranged their lights and cameras.

After wandering around the room bashfully for a while, I spoke with a man who turned out to be vice president of a Lithuanian-American organization whose members took a great interest and pride in Kudirka. He asked me, warily it seemed to me, whether I knew about the case: Kudirka's attempted defection, his being beaten and seized by Soviet seamen aboard a U.S. Coast Guard vessel, his imprisonment in Russia, and at length his release. I said I knew, and told him I was from NATIONAL REVIEW, which instantly made his manner freer, as if I had given him reason to trust me. We chatted for a few minutes, and it transpired we were both from Michigan —he from Grand Rapids, where Congressman Gerald Ford had shown concern about the Kudirka case from the moment it disgraced the U.S.

I had time to speak with several others, who added details to what I knew. When Kudirka turned out to be a Lithuanian, for instance, a diplomatic question had arisen: since the United States had never officially recognized the Soviet occupation of Lithuania, should the case be referred to the Soviet or the Lithuanian embassy (still active in Washington)? In keeping with the "spirit of detente," it was decided to leave Kudirka to his Soviet captors. I say, "it was decided," as if to say, "it was written," when in fact the man who made the decision, because no higher authority was handy that day, was John Dean. Kudirka finally made it to these shores because his mother turned out to have been born in America, thereby making plausible the claim that he too was an American citizen, which, after long legal wrangling and some publicity on this side of the Atlantic, and the persuasions of the Soviet system on the other (they tried to break Kudirka with solitary confinement, and tried to bribe his poor, proud mother with a cow), resulted in his release.

Kudirka entered. His entourage included both U.S. senators from New York, his family, and several who had helped win his freedom. They sat facing the cameras at a long table across the front of the room, Senator Buckley on Kudirka's right, Senator Javits on his left. His own appearance surprised me. He is short and slight, his short hair reddish and receding. He wore no tie, his plain brown shirt buttoned at the collar. He looks young; I took him to be in his twenties, but learned later that he is 45. His bearing, though energetic with an implicit scrappiness (or was I reading his heroic story into his appearance?), imports courtesy and modesty; but the directness of his eyes, which are quick and bright blue, do suggest the man who endured beatings, threats, prison, "trials," without caving in—one senses in him a candor that can never make excuses to itself for acting basely.

IN HALTING English he read a prepared statement: "I and my family are as in a dream. . . . I want to thank my fellow Americans"—his fellow Americans! the phrase itself does us proud— "who worked very very hard to prove to two governments my birthright to American citizenship. . . . I owe gratitude to those who helped me reach America safely, yet I owe loyalty to those who shared my fate and my difficulties and helped keep the dreams and faith alive. Thank you."

Then the questions from the press, directed to Kudirka, Buckley (who was to leave for Moscow the next day), and Javits. What was the Soviet Union like? Kudirka's answer, given through an interpreter, was more affecting than any blast of wrath: "I do not want to defame this unhappy land," he said softly. But he added that his own experience of Russia in the Seventies was well described by Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago*. His manner became emphatic: "I wish every human being would read this book—not only read it, but realize the truth that is within it." And visitors to Russia, having read it, should "ask to be allowed within these camps."

SENATOR BUCKLEY was emphatic too when he insisted that no diplomatic arrangements should blind us to the imperatives of human rights, and Senator Javits, knowing his audience, said bluntly that the Jackson Amendment's humanitarian abstractions mean what they say, and won't in practice mean only Jews. Somebody asked Kudirka, toward the end, how he felt about detente. It was the most important question of all, and he confessed he felt unequal to it. "I have only been here two days. . . . I feel as if I had just left Hell."

Afterward, Kudirka began his immersion into America with a five-hour bus tour of New York City. As we left the Waldorf, I found myself hoping our country will make a good impression on him, and wondering how he will feel about detente later, when he has lived a while in the moral limbo we are growing used to. *Can* we have detente without "the spirit of detente"? Perhaps the distinction is psychologically too hard to sustain—like having Munich without the spirit of Munich. Too few of his fellow Americans are Kudirkas, and we like our compromises and capitulations to have an aura of triumph about them, if only the haggard triumph of Realpolitik. Our enemies will encourage this tendency. But how do you make a treaty with Hell? □

Mr. Sobran is a contributing editor of National Review.

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Farley Clinton and the Jesuits

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

MR. FARLEY CLINTON'S article "The Jesuit Confrontation" [October 11] is the most amazing essay about the Jesuits I have encountered for a long time, in any publication. Certainly the Society of Jesus now finds itself in a deep crisis, and it would not be too difficult to analyze its present plight by probing somewhat deeper. The perennial task of the Society has been to combine the greatest personal discipline of its members with the effort to assimilate the values of the World (and also of the faiths *extra muros*) to the Church. At the present time, when the Church at large so frequently ignores the warning of St. Paul, "Do not conform with the World and the Times," the Society of Jesus ignores it more than most other orders. No wonder; this "occupational hazard" stems from the fact that the step from mere understanding to acceptance is often so dangerously easy. As Nietzsche said: "If you fight an enemy, beware of becoming like him. He who looks into an abyss must beware of being sucked into it." The Jesuits find themselves in a tragic moment of their history, which merits sympathy and a treatment based on real knowledge and profound analysis, not on journalistic sensationalism.

Innuendos

Let us refer to some details. I have known Cardinal Danielou, Cardinal Wright, and Father Karl Rahner (and his brother Hugo) since 1950, 1959, and 1948, respectively. Cardinal Danielou had become a staunch defender of orthodoxy. He died admittedly in extraordinary circumstances—carrying a large sum of money and in the apartment of an actress—but certainly not in any way which indicates that this very frail gentleman in his seventieth year was her lover. Such an assumption is entirely gratuitous, and if I had died suddenly under certain circumstances which have actually occurred in my life, my Guardian Angel and nobody else would ever have believed in my innocence. Unfortunately the first stories to be published were that he had been stricken among friends; then a large part of the French press indulged in the wildest speculations. While in Paris recently, I tried to get the true story and it is significant of the spirit of our time that it was the non-Catholics—not the good Catholics—who most emphatically defended the memory of this highly gifted Jesuit.

The many assumptions, glib remarks, and curious innuendos in Mr. Clinton's article cannot be dealt with effectively in short space. Cardinal Danielou is described in the same column first as looking sharp, realistic, and civilized, then as looking like a Left Bank film critic drinking too much coffee with Simone de Beauvoir. I sense a certain contradiction between these two descriptions, and I wonder if the startled reader in Kalamazoo, Kokomo, and Kankakee did not have the same reaction.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin was a man obedient to the Society until his death, a man with strong personal ideas but whose influence on our intellectual elite is grossly overstated. The real scientists were always highly critical of him and theologically his theories are open to question, but as Jean Danielou remarked to me, there are infinitely more important occupations than to attack the memory or the visions of Teilhard. "At least," the late Cardinal said, "Teilhard placed God in the very center of all things, and this in our days is of great value." Teilhard has never been "condemned"; only *monita* were directed against him. Needless to say, Karl Rahner has not been "officially condemned" either. He had difficulties with Rome at the beginning of the reign of Pope John as well as with the Society, but who had not? There are practically no intellectual giants from St. Thomas Aquinas to Rosmini and Newman who were never in trouble with Rome. The Church has ever been a cross and a yoke, but the best spirits in her always knew how to bear these heavy burdens. The Catholic Church had her consolations but she never was an amusement park.

The theological foundations of the article are astonishing. Purity, of course, is a moral virtue, but the moral virtues are the lowest virtues and the lowest of these is *temperantia*, which encompasses chastity. Obviously this may not be the theology as taught in St. Patrick's High by the dear nuns, but this is the hierarchy of virtues as seen by St. Thomas Aquinas. And virtue for the sake of virtue (as the article put it) is hardly a Catholic (or a Christian) notion, but rather a bright idea of the New York Ethical Culture Society. Nor is "Holy Purity" the causative demand for celibacy in the Latin rite. The debate around it has to be viewed in the terms of *engagement*.

Oversimplification

"[Pope] Paul's trust in Danielou linked him with his own early liberalism." Danielou was certainly not a "liberal," nor really is Paul VI, who, after all, signed *Humanae Vitae*. This is a completely unwarranted oversimplification of a very complex problem. Karl Rahner too must be understood in a different context—our political labels just do not work in the theological domain. Rahner, moreover, must be read in the original, and here one ought to remember the remark of Father Hugo Rahner, himself a brilliant thinker: "If I only had the time I would translate my brother's work into German."

The woes of the Church in our age are considerable but her leaders, in spite of their many failings, are not the simpletons made out in this article. The Jesuits have a monopoly of all the brainpower in the Church? Cardinal Wright accepts anything the Jesuits write or teach? Léonce de Grandmaison some sort of a liberal? Paul VI just another little parish priest? I am also a critic of the Holy Father but this is nonsense. Few thinking people rave today about the Jesuits or are overly happy about their Church, but those who want to criticize in a constructive way have first to learn how to engage in civilized opposition. □

Among Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's many books is Timeless Christian.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Culture in Middletown

Dagnab, he almost fooled me. Went to see that National Chinese Opera foofaraw—up in Middletown, New York it was. Middletown's the culture capital of East Nowhere, anyway that's what us locals like to think. Let me tell you, this here Opera game's the best Chautauqua tentshow old Sherm ever threw together, no nohows about it. Full of authentic hootin' and thumpin'. Painful as a hernia. For two whiles there, I thought it was really from Taiwan or whatever that there snazzy program said. But I caught on quick enough. Dang thing's too slick for them Chinks.

Now Middletown folks is fine folks, don't get me wrong. They try, lordy yes. The Arts Council, why they'll go for any old culture stomp you can shove in a Hertz Rent-a-Van. Never has been the same since they built the Thruway; run into all kind of farners on Main Street these days. Come Saddy or Sunny night, the good ladies doll up in long dresses, like they was goin' to Don Trovatore at the regular Met. They show off a bit in the high school lobby, while alla time their husbands're makin' kinda sick faces at each other. Heck, you wouldn't bring anybody you cared for to the Chinese Opera. They'd think you was a New York City fag or somethin'. Married folk, it's all right. This year alone our Arts Council's got hold of the Strasbourg Philharmonic, the Afro-American Ensemble, and the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico. Now some them shows may achully be from where they claim to be, but I wouldn't trust a one of them. Y'see, Sherm's an old drinkin' buddy of mine. I know the yeas and nays, so to speak, of the big C culture hornswoggle.

Remember the Baltorussian Cossack Riders? Sherm's boys, from Oklahoma they was, rodeo hacks pretty much. And the National Folk Ballet of Tongaland? Wowed 'em in Madison Square Garden, well traveled as hell, they come down all the way from Harlem on the IRT local. I'd say Sherm's got six, seven companies out in the sticks most any month. Some of them emergin' nations, ones that emerged too sudden like t'have a national tradition, well they contract with Sherm to hoke up a full blast culture for 'em. It's swell foreign relations, and cheaper in the long haul. Sherm's Hoop Dancers of Guano, I guess they's his most famous. Had a better run, by three weeks, than Guano did. But them Hoop Dancers, no way they can hold kindlin' to this here National Chinese Opera. No how. It's got all the fixin's. The Chinese Opera, I reckon that's where the Ed Sullivan Show went when it died.

Have ethnics, will travel. Yes sir, there's big money t'be made in them National one night stands. But y'gotta lay it on, Sherm knows that. Simple

folk, they ain't like t'sit for thirty wogs in overalls, no matter where they come from. They want a feast for the eyes. Well, some of them opera costumes, you couldn't make a U-turn on Route 218 in 'em, without rippin' your trim off on a curb. I reckon it run Sherm three hundred grand to gas up that shebang, but it's worth every nickel. 'Sides, a can of spray paint, file the serial numbers off, and he can rework them duds for the Japanese K'buki next year.

But Sherm's on the ball. He knows the folk better not have too good a time. Fack, there's gotta be plenty of genwine downhome sufferin', else it just ain't culture. Now that oriental music, case you been lucky enough t'miss it out, that oriental music's fit to send a cat into heat. Yellow folk, I guess they got slanty ears to go with the rest. Us Middletowners, we were wall-eyed and gaspin' from the sheer misery of it. But Sherm, he had that covered. He hired a Dragon Lady type t'come out and say this here's very difficult t'do. Y'gotta catch a Chink real young, if'n he's gonna learn t'holler like that. I believe it; it sure ain't natcheral. But that makes the yokels figure they're seein' something. Ethnic art, it always takes year after year t'get it zackly right, though why they bother only the good Lord in his wisdom can put a finger on. Johnny Cash, he just picked up a guitar and he don't need no fancy kimono neither.

Dragon Lady, she told us t'haul off and clap at the good bits. Said that was a Chinese Custom, but more'n likely it's one of Sherm's ideas. Gives the folk a part in the action, though mostly we was clappin' to drown the dang noise out. Likewise she said this opera business was sti-lized. Sti-lized, that's a big culture word. Means nobody knows what's goin' on, but it's art anyways. Now'n again she'd give us a hint. This Chinese maiden, she'd say, she's gonna act out chicken raisin'. Sure enough, there she was shooin' hens around, even I caught on to that. Well, we clapped and huzzahed, from the plain relief of seein' something halfway American.

Best of all was the dance parts. They danced up a summer storm. Folks like t'see a lot of little steps or one big strappin' jump, anythin' between is small potatoes. In unison, mind. You got one man wavin' a red flag, it's nothin'. Twenty men wavin' red flags,

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that's another kettle of fish. I don't rightly know why, but it's so. An' Sherm, he sticks some swell sword-fightin' in all his shows. Makes the men sit right up. Even his Boys Choir from that European Cathedral had sword-fightin', though there wasn't nobody I could see more'n nine years old. Spirited, them Chinese was. They yawped and sweated and grinned all over the place. That's another big word, spirited. Sherm says; no matter what, even you gotta paint 'em Black or Yellow, hire yourself spirited actors. Ethnic people, they're spirited something fierce, whilst us Americans ain't got the zip to fetch a Schaefer at halftime. Least that's what the culture people think. Like I said, Sherm almost fooled me. But I had a look for Taiwan in the United Nations book. There just ain't no such place. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

The Hirshhorn

On three consecutive evenings—to the strains of "Prelude for a Great Occasion," especially commissioned from composer William Schuman, and before a select audience of 15,000, all certified members of Washington's political and social elite plus a smattering of artists, museum directors, dealers and dues-paying Smithsonian Associates—the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden finally opened. Located on the Washington Mall, across from the National Gallery, its sole function, at least to date, is to display the art collection of a single individual, Latvian-born financier Joseph H. Hirshhorn. From the beginning, this project has been a controversial one, greeted by a variety of prognostications of gloom and doom with only occasional notes of optimism. Now, at long last, the chips are down. And those who came to scoff, sneer, and otherwise indulge in *Schadenfreude* are mostly having to eat their words.

Certainly there was reason for misgiving. For one thing, when he offered his collection to the nation in 1966, no one, not Mr. Hirshhorn himself nor his curator, Abram Lerner (now director of the new museum), was sure what it comprised; it was so vast and had grown so fast that most of it was

in storage. True, the public had been given an inkling of its magnitude in 1962, when 444 examples of its sculpture holdings were exhibited at the Guggenheim Museum to loud critical hosannas—but since then only a chosen few had examined it. Thus when Mr. Hirshhorn, a rags-to-riches uranium millionaire, announced his gift, he was met with less than wild excitement.

Many took umbrage at the condition he attached, namely that his art be housed on the prestigious Washington Mall in a building bearing his name. Those unfamiliar with the collection, but aware of its owner's allegedly erratic enthusiasms in matters of contemporary art, feared that the country might be buying a pig in a poke; it promised, moreover, to be a pretty expensive pig since Congress, not Mr. Hirshhorn, was supposed to pick up the $17-million tab for both building and endowment. It was recalled that when Andrew Mellon gave his matchless old masters to the nation back in 1937, he not only paid for the building to house them but modestly insisted that it be named the National, not the Mellon, Gallery.

BUT PROTEST and polemic erupted once more when plans for the new museum were unveiled. The architect, Gordon Bunshaft, author of New York's Lever House, the LBJ Library in Austin, and other controversial structures, had designed a fortress-like edifice which has been compared, with some justice, to a machine gun emplacement and Hitler's bunker. He also horrified Washingtonians with his projected placement of the sculpture garden on the hitherto inviolate greensward of the Mall. But as it stands, with the garden sunk so as to be invisible from a distance, the Hirshhorn confounds the pessimists. True, carping persists: the garden, while long on sculptures, is sadly short on shade and greenery and will be an inferno in the Washington summer. The museum's exterior is forbidding and makes no concessions to the marbled neoclassic buildings along the Mall—but then, it is no more out of place than its next door neighbor, the towered and turreted Smithsonian Castle of 1855; in their different ways, each typifies its time. And the Hirshhorn's interior meets the test of museum planning: it provides an unobtrusive, easily accessible setting for its contents. Moreover, its plan—two concentric circles around an open-air fountain—not only makes for easy viewing but permits the sculpture, which is the Hirshhorn's prime attraction, to be seen in natural light.

THE INAUGURAL exhibition is made up of only 850 works out of an estimated 4,000, and it is apparent that the painting selection, though it includes some marvels (11 Eakinses among them), is uneven. Mr. Hirshhorn's main interest is in contemporary art; he loves hobnobbing with the artists, visiting their studios, and marching off with armfuls of canvases, and he usually refuses critical advice. Naturally he has made mistakes, especially in choosing paintings; the sculpture, however, is nearly all outstandingly fine, and presents an encyclopedic selection of works from the last third of the nineteenth century to our own time, with artists such as Rodin, Carpeaux, Marini, Manzù, Moore, and others displayed in depth. The only notable absence is Claes Oldenburg of the vinyl telephones and plaster ice-cream sodas—perhaps not much of a loss. All in all, it would be difficult to point to any institution anywhere that possesses a more happily eclectic selection of sculpture over the last 100 years; it may well force critics to revise their long-held assumption that painting, not sculpture, revolutionized the art of our time.

The Hirshhorn's future seems not yet to have been charted. Whether it will try to round out its holdings to make them more historically inclusive, or whether it will continue to reflect the 75-year-old donor's strong likes and dislikes remains to be seen. The Board of Trustees, with Daniel P. Moynihan as president, appears to be a judicious mix of fat-cat art collectors

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and museum experts; this bodes well. Whether other Maecenases will be willing to enrich a museum associated exclusively with someone else's name remains a question, as does the future role of the director, Abram Lerner, who, up to now, appears pretty much to have acted as Mr. Hirshhorn's errand boy. But so far, so good; Washington has its longed-for modern museum, and though it still can't justifiably thumb its nose at New York's, it needn't be ashamed either. □

PLACES

CHARLES WALLEN

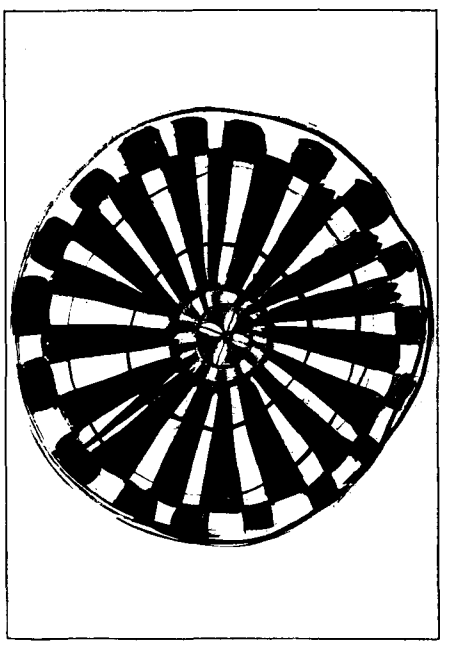
The Gaming Business

Nevada casinos grossed nearly $1 billion during the last fiscal year—$936.3 million, to be exact. Of this amount, $74.4 million went to the state in taxes: and in a state of only half a million citizens, that amounts to about 43 per cent of the entire state budget. Nevada is, moreover, a right to work state, has no state income tax, and imposes a sales tax only half that of neighboring California. How did it get to be the One True State?

It began in 1859, when the Comstock Lode was discovered at Virginia City. Stagecoaches took gold and passengers between Carson City, where the stamping mills had been built, and the mint in the small town of San Francisco. The coaches returned from San Francisco with gold-seekers, adventurers, gamblers, loose women, and supplies. By 1869 the transcontinental railroad ran through the capital city of Reno, and four years later came the discovery of the Big Bonanza, a bluish mud which was ignored by the gold-seekers, but turned out to be silver; and by 1882 the Comstock was in borasca.

Although gambling was wide open in this part of Nevada during the great days, it was not legalized until 1869. It was outlawed in 1910 and then, still flourishing, relegalized in 1931. In the middle Thirties Raymond and Harold Smith, father and son, established Harold's Club in Reno, and started a billboard campaign of advertising that reached from Nome to Miami; they were to flourish until the early Seventies, when Howard Hughes bought their casino and made a stable out of the shrine. It was in the Thirties that Reno established as its motto "The Biggest Little City in the World," and was, to boot, the divorce capital of the world.

Here, in 1937, came Bill Harrah, a young Californian with little baggage save an engineering degree from UCLA and impeccable integrity. He was determined to make gambling respectable, and he said at the beginning that he wanted to surround himself with conscientious, hard-working, straightforward men and women with no bad habits. A competitor said that those were standards for mules, not people; but Harrah picked his top mules from the business colleges of Stanford and Harvard. Starting from a Bingo parlor with six employees, he opened his first casino after World War II, and in 1955 expanded to the South Shore of Lake Tahoe, with most of his original six still with him, as well as 6,500 employees acquired in the meantime. He is listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and Harrah's 1974 annual report indicates that $400 million changed hands in his casinos, producing $111 million in gross revenues and net earnings of over $9 million. His two casinos offer everything from nickel slot machines, blackjack, craps, keno, roulette, bingo, and pari-mutuel wheels, to the ancient, elegant game of baccarat. He is the second largest casino operator in the world; Howard Hughes holds first place.



Even Wall Street now refers to gambling as a leisure time business. It crosses all social lines, and its dimensions, legal or otherwise, are almost beyond human imagining. Gambling never stops—from the floating crap game to horse and dog racing, bridge, poker, dominos, football, baseball. If all gambling were legalized in all the fifty states under a kind of TVA charter of the Federal Government, with revenue sharing back to the states, the state and federal budgets could be balanced within days.

On a recent Saturday night at a crap table in Reno I saw, in mufti, two governors, three clergymen, four U.S. senators and congressmen, two doctors, and three bartenders—evidence of the universality of the gambling impulse. Last winter, in one two-hour period, from 1 to 3 A.M., I saw a Hong Kong businessman lose $200,000 at a crap table in Reno; and upon meeting in the steam rooms the same day at noon, we became acquainted and I asked him how he was doing. He said, "I must leave for Hong Kong by noon tomorrow, and I hope to be even by then." (Transportation in both directions was thoughtfully provided by Harrah's.)

Such high stake gambling is always done on credit with markers, and settlements are made discreetly when the guest departs. A friend of mine lost $50,000 during a recent weekend at Reno, twice the amount he had expected to lose; so upon returning home, filled with remorse, he wrote the casino a registered letter, return receipt requested, to cancel all his credit, threatening the casino with legal action did they not bar him at the gates forevermore. The letter was politely acknowledged, although no fetters were put on his credit, and within sixty days he was back—and won $50,000 in time to make the early dinner show.

Over the long pull, human nature and the percentages are absolutely dependable. The percentages are slightly in favor of the house, but with $400 million changing hands every year, volume alone makes such splendid enterprise profitable: a fleet of six jets to pick up wealthy guests and return them home at their pleasure, along with suites, food, and entertainment at their disposal, compliments of the house. Gas shortages and economic uncertainty don't scare Reno. □

Charles Wallen *is a freelance writer who lives in California.*

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BOOKS

A Renaissance Woman

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

Elizabeth I
By Paul Johnson
Holt, 511 pp., $12.95

This book puts one in mind of Macaulay on Horace Walpole, that maniacal collector of trifles: "Having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits, to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel."

Paul Johnson does not scant political or economic essentials, indeed he handles them with aplomb. But one has the feeling, all along, that his heart lies in the intriguing catalogues of minutiae about Elizabeth the Great which he seems to have been compiling since the year one: her clothes (usually white or black and white), her houses and castles (dozens), her portraiture (carefully regulated, on grounds that her image was an appurtenance of sovereignty to be carefully shaped), her dancing and music and scholarship (impressive). We are not told of the Queen's toilet habits; but we are told that her constant courtly "progresses" arose, in part, from considerations of sanitation; for as her entourage moved through the land the fields were stripped of food and the streams filled with sewage.

Yet this is far from being one of those dreary laundry list biographies now returning to academic fashion. But for the occasional sloughs of documentation where one's footing fails, the book is immensely readable; and Queen Elizabeth emerges from it whole and believable.

THERE ARE, Mr. Johnson suggests, several reasons why Elizabeth Tudor, Henry VIII's brilliant daughter by Anne Boleyn, is the most accessible of early English monarchs, "the first . . . whom the evidence permits us to know with a fair degree of intimacy." She was a robust woman who could outride and outdance her younger courtiers, even in old age, and she lived longer than any English sovereign up to that time. By shrewdness and a gift for inspiring loyalty she kept the domestic peace, and for most of her reign the foreign peace, for what must have seemed to her strife-weary subjects an age. And by firmly refusing to marry or to name a successor from among rival claimants (at least openly), she avoided dynastic intrigues.

Elizabeth I was the child, and the careful student, of the upheaval that thrust England from feudal Catholicism to the verge of modernity, Anglicanism (in large part her special creation),

and parliamentary consent. As a girl she had known constant peril and even imprisonment, especially during the reign of her half-sister Mary. She had been the quarry of Thomas Seymour's indiscreet flirtations—although Johnson minimizes as "pure supposition" the usual suggestion that Seymour's "romps" left her "a lasting distaste for sex." During Bloody Mary's reign, with its Protestant martyrdoms, she acquired a taste for qualified freedom of private conscience—or at least an Anglican version thereof. If her subjects, whether of the old or new religion, kept the laws she firmly discouraged the inquisitorial approach, "her majesty liking not," as Francis Bacon put it, "to make windows into men's hearts and secret thoughts, except the abundance of them did overflow into overt and express acts or affirmations."

IT WAS the Puritans, in fact, who stirred her displeasure. They liked windy, hectoring sermons; she despised them and preferred homilies. She enjoyed good church music, the theater, and coarse language. The Puritans opposed all. Writes Johnson, "the Queen swore, heavily and often, thus inaugurating an English upper-class tradition of ladies' swearing which persisted well into the eighteenth century." One Fuller, a Puritan divine, sent her an essay he had written, reproving her oaths as "an evil example [whereby] the most part of your subjects do commonly swear and blaspheme, to God's unspeakable dishonor." Her reaction to this impertinent rebuke, if she noticed it, is not recorded.

I must say that even for one who comes to the subject of Elizabeth I with firm sympathy Johnson contrives to add to it, to make her the most attractive of remote figures. One comes to like her tolerance, wit, and shrewd-

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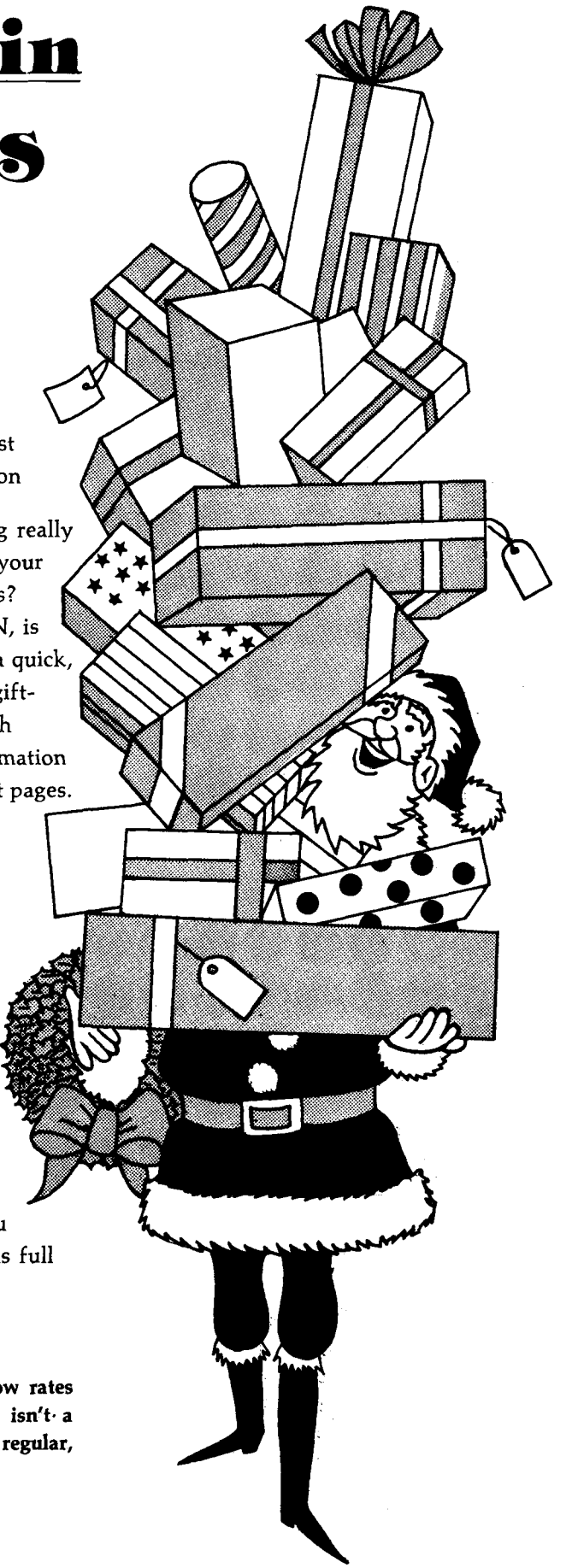

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ness; her toughness, good judgment, learning, and eloquence, which reached a peak in moments of anger. (Her learning was formidable: when she heard that Henri of Navarre, a fellow Protestant monarch, had made his famous decision [Paris is worth a Mass], she soothed her distress by translating Boethius' *Consolations of Philosophy* from Latin into English. It took her 26 hours.)

Johnson, strange to say of a former editor of the *New Statesman* and *The Nation,* plays down the ideological overtones of the eruptions of domestic revolt that disturbed Elizabeth's reign—the Ridolfi plot to put Mary Queen of Scots on the throne, the one-day rebellion of her favorite, the Earl of Essex. The latter, he says, owed more to the Earl's poverty than to his supposed proto-Puritan politics. In general, Johnson avoids the temptation so great in Tudor history, on account of its very richness, to read into it political notions and divisions contemporaries would not have recognized. His Elizabeth, paradoxically, is at once familiar and strange.

WHAT IS clear is that Elizabeth anticipated the spirit of the *politiques*. She was the first great monarch to understand—though militant Protestants like Drake and Walsingham pushed for a more aggressive anti-Catholic policy abroad—that balance was essential, or at any rate inevitable: that one day Europe must set aside the bigotries spawned by Reformation and Tridentine consciences, and learn to live with differences and ambiguities that her father and half-sister had found perilous to a believer's soul. She was "a supreme Renaissance woman, ready to look the unknown world in the face and penetrate its mysteries." If mysteries defied penetration, then they were certainly too deep to fight over. Ultimately, she was a great conservative. Her policies rested on principles of deference, tradition, and order. Her few reluctant military adventures (as in the Low Countries against Spanish domination, though not the Spanish presence) were justified on traditional grounds. She offered the English a long period to settle in after the turbulence of her father's reign, and its brief and harrowing sequels under her brother and half-sister. There were, as we know, further disturbances under Charles I and Cromwell, but her England, essentially, was the one that prevailed. □

The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York
By Robert Caro
Knopf, 1,247 pp., $17.95

IF YOU SEEK HIS MONUMENT, DRIVE AROUND

JACK CHATFIELD

There was a time when Robert Moses must have been the most admired man in New York. Like all powerful men, he had enemies. But that he attacked them with such boundless contempt, with no evident regard for their social or political standing, was a clear measure of the respect he commanded. In 1934, as the Republican nominee for governor, his cruel denunciation of the inoffensive Herbert Lehman cost him the support of some of his most influential backers and ended in a Lehman landslide, the biggest landslide until this year in the history of New York gubernatorial races. Yet Moses returned to his duties as the master builder of the state. To mayors, governors, borough presidents, and trade unionists, Moses was the indispensable man. His methods might be rough, but he got the job finished, usually ahead of schedule. "Nothing I have ever done," Moses liked to quip at banquets, "has ever been tainted with legality."

Educated at Yale and Oxford, Moses in 1919 headed the New York Reconstruction Commission which designed the present government of the state. In the 1920s and '30s he applied his inexhaustible energy and talents to park, highway, and bridge construction. During 44 years in power—he once held 12 state, regional, and city offices—Moses changed the face of New York. His works are everywhere. He is the Christopher Wren of the auto age: if you seek his monument, drive around.

NOW MOSES is the object of one of the most impassioned and sweeping indictments ever made of an American public figure. Already dismayed by a rancid housing scandal in the 1950s, humiliated by his mismanagement of the World's Fair, and eased out of office by Nelson Rockefeller in 1969, Moses nonetheless must be staggered by the force of this attack. *The Power Broker* reads like an unedited script for a Frank Capra movie. A man of boundless arrogance and genius amasses colossal power; he (allegedly) tyrannizes his staff, drives his wife to drink,

There is an unborn vision glimmering through the darkness of our times. Above the debris of our age of surrender and despair, a spirit stirs... We are reaching for the ultimate.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *P. G. Wodehouse* is a biography by David A. Jasen (Mason & Lipscomb, $12.50). . . . Sir Robert *(No Exit from Vietnam)* Thompson warns that *Peace Is Not at Hand* (McKay, $7.95). The same house offers a first (and undoubtedly a last): Maxine Brady's *The Monopoly Book*. Yes, it's about the game ($5.95). . . . Joseph Wechsberg portrays *Verdi* (Putnam, $15). The same house offers Walter Laqueur's cultural history of *Weimar*, and it's sure to be searched for analogies ($8.95). . . . Richard M. Ketchum's *The World of George Washington* is lavishly turned out but by no means adulatory (American Heritage; $25 to Jan. 1, then $35).

Leon Edel, still working the James mine, edits Volume I of *The Letters of Henry James, 1843-1875* for Harvard ($15). . . . Liveright heralds *Dostoevsky: Reminiscences* by his second wife, Anna, as the first definitive text ($10). . . . Volume IV of Voegelin's monumental *Order and History* is entitled *The Ecumenic Age* and carries us through the fall of Rome (Louisiana State, $15). . . . *Undercover* is the autobiography of Watergater Howard Hunt (Putnam, $8.95).

■ TELEVISION. Once again the audiences prove far more conservative in their viewing than the libs who put on your typical show. Top ten prime time specials for the 1973-74 season: *Airport*, Academy Awards, World Series (second game), Bob Hope, World Series (third game), the Waltons' Thanksgiving program, Miss America, World Series (fifth game). Tied for ninth: the salute to James Cagney, Bing Crosby's Christmas show.

■ PAPERBACKS. Britain's *haut monde* and *demimonde* of the Twenties are limned by Harold Nicholson in *Some People* (Popular Library, $1.25). The same line carries Arthur Schlesinger's *The Imperial Presidency* at $2.45 and Stephen Birmingham's *Real Lace: America's Irish Rich* at $1.75. . . . Paul Tillich, liberaldom's dream theologian, is revealed by his widow Hannah as a skirtchaser and porn buff in *From Time to Time* (Stein & Day, $1.95).

■ FILMS. New version of *The Count of Monte Cristo* will star Trevor Howard, Louis Jourdan, Tony Curtis, Richard Chamberlain, and Donald Pleasence. . . . Joseph Losey is guiding Glenda Jackson and Michael Caine in *The Romantic Englishwoman*. . . . Latest from Peter Bogdanovich, *At Long Last Love*, spotlights Cybill Shepherd, Burt Reynolds, and Mildred Natwick. . . . Kirk Douglas is directing himself in *Posse*.

subjugates legislatures and city councils, and dispenses patronage and favors like an Oriental potentate; he deceives or ignores the public; he dispossesses the poor in ruthless "urban renewal" schemes and smashes neighborhoods to make room for his highways; he destroys mass transit and chains New York to the poisonous automobile; he is finally removed from power by the only man with the clout to do it—Nelson Rockefeller, the grandson of a Robber Baron. The climactic scene? What else. A mild-mannered young reporter whose newspaper is crusading against one of Moses' projects catches a glimpse of the Moses empire. Using confidential sources and secret memos smuggled to him by a penitent staff member at the Triborough Authority, the reporter uncovers a subterranean domain of graft and political manipulation. Robert Moses is "exposed."

THE POWER BROKER certainly contains some of the most important, not to say the most interesting, political journalism ever written in this country. The chapters on Jones Beach, the restoration of Central Park in the Thirties, the construction of the Henry Hudson Parkway and Riverside Park, the creation of the Triborough Authority, and the ruthless removal of tenants in the path of the Cross Bronx Expressway—these chapters alone are worth the price of this bulky volume. Yet, valuable as the book is, there are problems that will not go away.

The Power Broker is a work of neither biography nor history; it is a hot, juicy story. Some of what Caro discovered during his seven years of research has evidently overwhelmed him, eroding the caution and skepticism which an historical investigator must bring to his work. His style is headlong, explosive, occasionally lurid, and often repetitious. It is intolerant of the disquieting ambiguity of things, relentless in its heavy tread. It is a triumphant, muscular style, and it attempts a *Blitzkrieg*. As a narrative and analytical vehicle it fails in important ways.

In his blistering, 34-page "reply" to Caro, published several weeks ago, Moses claims that the author fabricates events and data "out of whole cloth." This is simply not true. But even granting this, I believe that Caro is not careful enough about his sources. In historical research, extensive interviewing usually creates *some* doubt and confusion, and a writer's language reflects this. Yet in *The Power Broker* the

quoted interview breathes nothing but authenticity. Caro seems unaware of how fallible, self-serving, and deceptive the memory is. He is proud of his "522 interviews" and uses even the most banal remarks of his interviewees to round off a paragraph. He makes extensive use of confidential sources. Without doubting the value of such sources, one may question Caro's implicit assumption that if a source is confidential, it must be reliable. Caro talked to dozens of people who hated or resented Robert Moses. They knew what the author was looking for. They saw their chance to write history. Their credibility cannot be taken for granted.

But the more serious problem—one entangled, of course, with the above—is the framework of psychological and historical interpretation in which this book is set. Caro's Moses is a corrupted "idealist," a man driven to seek power "in and for itself" (whatever that means), a man less interested in the philosophical than in the practical dimension of power. Incredibly, Caro never takes time (though Knopf would surely have given him space) to give us a full exposition of Moses' ideas.

More important, Caro does not see Moses as a man who shared, to a great extent, the prevailing ideology of his time. Writing in an age of disillusionment, Caro does not see Moses as the embodiment of the buoyant hopes of a former age. One reads nothing of the suburban vision—of greenbelt cities,

Edwin M. Yoder Jr. *is editor of the editorial page of the* Greensboro Daily News. . . . **Jack Chatfield** *teaches at the Watkinson School in Hartford, Connecticut.* . . . **Rene Kuhn Bryant**, *a freelance writer, lives in Lexington, Massachusetts.* . . . **David Brudnoy** *is a columnist with the Universal Press Syndicate.* . . . **Chilton Williamson Jr.** *is an editor at St. Martin's Press.* . . . *Book reviews are indexed in* Book Review Index.

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FHA loans, and Levittowns. Caro does not consider Moses' career as part of the social and intellectual history of the American Dream. And he does not understand his own place in that history. Caro tries to tell the story of a life by wrenching it free from the times. This, together with his meat axe psychology (ideas, after all, are part of the essence of power), prevents this book from being the "authentic" and definitive account it claims to be. The real Robert Moses may not be a better man than the sinister figure painted by Caro; but I think he is a different one. □

FICTION

My Petition for More Space
By John Hersey
Knopf, 182 pp., $5.95

MORE WORRIER THAN PHILOSOPHER

RENE KUHN BRYANT

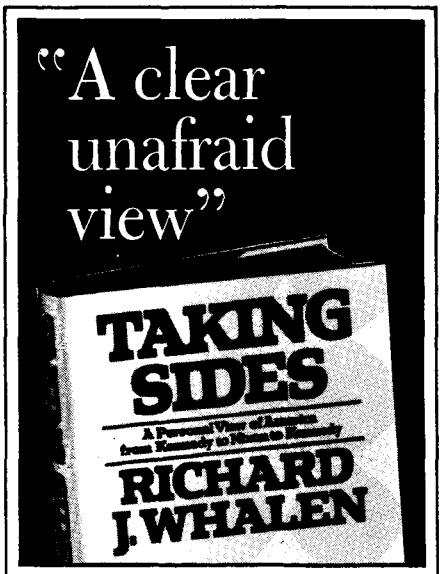
John Hersey's newest contribution to social forecasting, a novella entitled *My Petition for More Space,* unhappily produces an effect more like the feeble fizzle of a damp squib than the awesome resonances of Doomsday he seems to have intended. *Brave New World* and *1984*, classics of this variety of fiction, were stunning in their persuasiveness because of Huxley's and Orwell's chilling ability to extend everyday experience to a grotesque but entirely plausible conclusion—a conclusion, moreover, made ineluctable because it proceeded from a carefully developed philosophical framework. Furthermore, both Huxley and Orwell were adroit at creating appealingly credible characters whose victimization by the forces of the future was genuinely moving.

Hersey, by contrast, is more a worrier than a philosopher; more a reporter than a novelist. And it makes all the difference, especially in fantasies of the future.

His worry in *My Petition for More Space* is of a world grown so overpopulated that almost every value we associate with civilized life has had to be sacrificed to simple survival. And the first to fall have been free choice and privacy. The device he uses to dramatize his worry is an account of the events, if that is not too large a word to describe them, which occur one morning in New Haven, Connecticut an unspecified number of years in the future. It is not barbarism that has triumphed by then but regimentation. Society has become one enormous commune where every decision has already been made by the previous generation and is immutable. Each person's destiny is totally controlled by the monstrous web of rules which has had to be devised to keep the society intact. One lives within a rectangle of white lines painted on the floor of a vast sleeping hall (walls or partitions no longer exist because they are wasteful of space) and seven-by-eleven is considered a generous allotment for a single person. Food is served and eaten within a tightly controlled budget of minutes in cafeterias linked to the sleeping halls or production centers, whether factories or offices, and everywhere there are lines, lines, lines. The individuals who exist within this cage of conformity must petition the anonymous agents of anonymous authority for permission to indulge in even the slightest deviation from the prescribed routine. And they must stand in line to do that. Permission must be sought to have a child (one per couple is the unvarying limit), to learn to read, to change jobs, to move one's living space —these are only some of the more important requests.

POYNTER, the protagonist of the book, is in his mid-thirties, a writer of research reports who is separated from his wife. After several years of marriage she has found she can no longer respond to him sexually with only their painted lines to separate them from the crowd with whom they share the sleeping hall that is their home. She has departed to some other sleeping hall with their small daughter and divorce proceedings are under way. Her decampment has stirred Poynter to a belated dissatisfaction with things as they are. On the morning that occupies the book, he has joined the interminable lines of petitioners that form daily before dawn and inch their way to 16 windows of one-way glass to lay their arguments before the invisible bureaucrats beyond. It is well known that petitions are almost never granted, but such is the necessity of hope to human survival, that the lines are never shorter by a single person from one day to the next.

Poynter half falls in love with the girl against whom he is pinned for the



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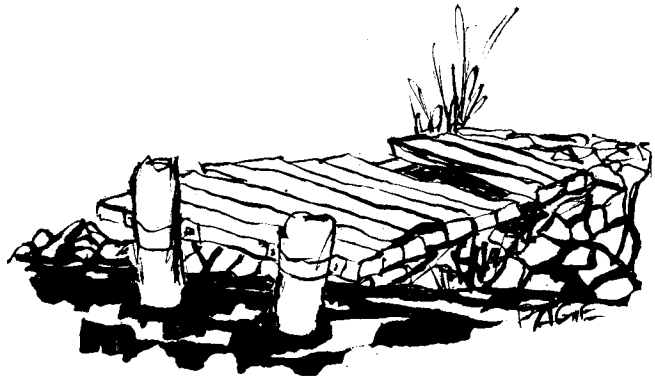
hours they stand in the line; he gets to know, and mostly dislike, the three other persons who are his "touchers." He is moved to recall, without much emotion, the memories he retains of his childhood when life was regimented but still held some possibility of choice. And finally he reaches the window, makes his case for more space, and, predictably, is turned down, whereupon he leaves to plot his return the following day with a petition for more time in which to present his petition for more space. Here the novel ends.

It should perhaps all add up to something striking, to a swift thrust of irony that leaves one dazzled by its brilliance, troubled by its implications. And yet, it does not and, briefly, one is moved to wonder why not.

PERHAPS it is not altogether Mr. Hersey's failings as a philosopher, guide, and novelist that are the difficulty. The fault may lie in the nature of the problem he has chosen to worry about. Consider, for example these findings of Jonathan L. Freedman, a professor of psychology at Columbia and the author of *Crowding and Behavior*: "Over the last five years, research by investigators in many places has shown that people are not generally harmed by crowding. When social factors such as income level are equal, people who live in crowded neighborhoods, or crowded homes are no worse off than those who live under less crowded conditions. . . . Population density simply does not affect crime rate or any other kind of social, mental, or physical pathology. . . . We still have a great deal to learn about how crowding operates. But it now seems clear that crowding of itself does not harm people and that it provides hope for our urban world."

Mr. Hersey, let me present Mr. Freedman. You two should find a lot to talk about. □



Ceremonial Chemistry
By Thomas Szasz
Anchor, 243 pp., $6.95

PHARMAKOS, THE SCAPEGOAT

DAVID BRUDNOY

Dr. Szasz is in danger of becoming a Johnny One-note: crusader for a radically revised American psychiatry, dispeller of the "myth of mental illness," Defender of the Faithless. His contentions that "mental illness" is a rhetorical device, not a description of reality, and "addiction" a nonsense concept, are not very convincing, when yesterday's "madman" slaughters 15 innocents with his shotgun, proclaims himself Napoleon, and is discovered to have been under observation by a shrink who diagnosed him a borderline schizophrenic; his contentions aren't very convincing when tomorrow's junkie mugs and murders the old lady in order to get cash for his fix.

So Dr. Szasz is cavalierly dismissed as a crank, his views brushed aside as quirky and false, his careful distinction between voluntary and involuntary psychiatry blurred, his advocacy of tolerance fraudulently identified as endorsement of drug use. But read calmly, closely, Szasz's books and articles offer tremendous stimulation: they are troubling, exciting, fresh.

Ceremonial Chemistry flows logically from Szasz's several previous attempts at overturning accepted beliefs about deviance. Subtitled "The ritual persecution of drugs, addicts, and pushers," it concentrates not on those whose difference from the norm makes them "mentally sick," but rather on those whose choice of drug qualifies them for the societal pejorative, "addict." To Szasz, "addictions are habits [and] we . . . must judge addictions as good or bad according to the value we place on what they enable us to do or disable us from doing."

Dr. Szasz believes that certain drugs, like alcohol and tobacco, coffee and tea, are societally acceptable because their use fills a ceremonial function, while others, like marijuana or cocaine, are societally condemned because their use fills the equally basic human need for sacrificial scapegoats, for *pharmakos*. Note the emphasis: "bad" drugs are considered "bad" because we don't make ritualized use of them, not, he insists, unused ritually because they are bad. This notion dovetails perfectly with his longtime insistence that the medical profession has become our modern priesthood, *its* drugs (tranquilizers, weight-reduction pills, mood elevators) sacred, and nonmedically prescribed drugs, taboo.

The writing is acidic; the castigation of establishment verities, nearly total; the argument, nearly wholly persuasive. Provided, that is, that one stands without orthodox religion, that one doesn't have any particular attachment to any conventional ceremonial ritualism. In short, the reader's own faith will in most cases determine his attitude toward what Szasz is selling: a total rejection of the received Truths in favor of something fundamentally new and, let's be blunt about this, fundamentally alien to the Judaeo-Christian legacy.

WOULD THAT it were otherwise, that Dr. Szasz didn't feel required to cast his argument in a form virtually assuring a hostile reception by the very people whose help is required to change our abominable drug laws and alter society's near-Pavlovian reaction to medical pronunciamentos. He is a libertarian, and the libertarian tack goes a good part of the way to frame a convincing argument on behalf of drug decriminalization. And he is a respected physician, a psychiatrist who can't be dismissed however much he may be attacked: as such, he could make a sensible case for removing criminal sanctions on drug use and sale by virtue of the evidence that such drugs are not *necessarily* more dangerous than those we regularly use and regularly die from: booze, nicotine . . .

But he will not stop at those approaches, thus drastically reducing his potential support. He does not offend *me* by subverting orthodox religiosity; he *will* offend most Americans. As Szasz writes, there is great need for "demythologizing and de-ceremonializing our use and avoidance of drugs." There is tremendous value in his humanism, his refusal to malign even

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those who may well be personally distasteful to him, and, I should imagine, distasteful to the bulk of this journal's readers. There is originality and much-needed skepticism in his attitude toward convention. But there is as well a resolute unwillingness to entertain the serious possibility that some drugs *may* indeed be as undesirable as the establishment has always said. Pro-decriminalizers, like this reviewer, must contend with new evidence of marijuana's dangers, and conclude whatever we conclude without blinking unpleasant data. There is here also an obdurate hostility to many beliefs of the majority, which will minimalize rather than enlarge the scope of his support. The sad thing about this truly necessary book is that it is unnecessarily off-putting, and therefore will be widely ignored by those who need it most. □

The Palace Guard
By Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates
Harper, 326 pp., $8.95

J. WALTER IAGO, PUBLIC SERVANT

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

My fellow conservatives: grab hold of the sideboard, pour yourself a glass of Courvoisier, and send a check in the amount of one dollar to *The New Republic*, Americans for Democratic Action, AFTRA, or some other great moral enterprise of your choice. The Rather-Gates opus is not at all bad. I approached the book through the bush, on all fours, a wicked glint in my eye. By the time I had digested the first chapter, I had put myself in mind of that old curmudgeon, Hector Berlioz, who wrote that "It is sweet to praise an enemy when that enemy has merit, indeed it is the proud duty of an honest man. . . ." In the clear, albeit corny, vulgate of the Old Journalism, two representatives of the liberal media's Coldstream Guard trace the inexorable unfolding, within the bosom of the Nixon Presidency, of the series of events that culminated in the Watergate circus. Delinquency begins at home.

Even if the full measure of this studied indictment of the late Nixon Administration were reduced by half, it would be of sufficient grossness to persuade me to give tongue to a conclusion to which I had previously arrived in a more or less tacit way: that, as our former eponymous archon, Richard Nixon was a neurotic incompetent surrounded by abysmally ignor-

ant, shallow, and banal men: men who were fundamentally aware of their essential defects and who attempted to abort the possible development of that awareness in their associates by subjecting them to the ludicrous regimen of an ad agency and the juvenile humiliations that are generally reserved for a lineup of Greek-letter fraternity pledges. It was once possible, so I firmly believe, to describe most unfairly the doings and aspirations of Mr. Nixon. But since he walked into the Oval Office in 1969 and closed the door, it appears that while it may at times have been unkind to think ill of the man, it has seldom been a mistake.

Franklin Roosevelt, as Rather-Gates explain, was the first President to introduce the White House Staff as a congregation of wallahs of potential clout and no congressional accountability. FDR had Harry Hopkins, who set up bachelor quarters at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue; Eisenhower had Sherman Adams, and Kennedy his Irish Mafia, whose Godfather was Ted Sorensen. Nixon extended the concept behind this practice to its logical conclusion—which, like most logical conclusions of this sort, turned out to be the negation of the original germ. The Squire of Hyde Park regarded his "inner Cabinet" as a means of expanding the range of contacts and opinions available to him; Nixon regarded his little gang of lieutenants—men of agate loyalty and the moral and political sophistication of people whose lives had been devoted exclusively to the jurisprudence of real estate and the marketing of snail-killer—as a means of circumscribing his contacts, avoiding people with whom he disagreed, and shucking off his domestic responsibilities onto the shoulders of flunkies in order that he might devote himself to stroking Communists.

The results of this presidential abdication of responsibility were, in retrospect, scarcely surprising. When H. R. Haldeman, former ad man with J. Walter Thompson and longtime admirer of and campaigner for Richard Nixon, came to Washington in January of 1969 he was under the delusion that his new White House job would be of relatively modest proportions similar to, say, those of the position of the executive secretary of a large corporation. Given his master's reclusive, suspicious, and eerily reliant disposition as well as his own stated opinions that "The President is the government" and that "Congress is [not] supposed to work with the White House," it was inevitable that that job should vastly expand its boundaries. By midsummer of 1969 "the Abominable No-man," as he became known (to his infinite delight), having established his grasp on White House operations, made, according to Rather-Gates, "his first, tentative moves to assert his control over the Cabinet."

GIVEN THE President's disinclination to grant an audience to the members of that body, Haldeman's task was hardly difficult. Indeed, Nixon seems deliberately to have promoted it. Haldeman controlled access to the Oval Office and, rather than letting in the Secretaries for interviews, took messages which he passed along entirely at his own discretion to Nixon. And, by exercising his secretarial—and ambassadorial and consultative—powers selectively, he carefully reinforced in his chief the personal prejudices in the confirmation of which the latter felt buoyed up and assured. Very early on, Haldeman and John Ehrlichman—an old and close friend of Haldeman's—decided who in that Administration was marked for imminent or eventual departure. Their criteria for worthiness to serve the New American Revolution were in part political, in part purely personal—or perhaps the word is "cultural."

Pat Moynihan, who fascinated Nixon to the degree that he also made him uneasy, was suspect not only as a former Kennedy retainer but also as a representative of Hell's Kitchen and Harvard; so too were Arthur Burns, who started off in '69 as Counselor to

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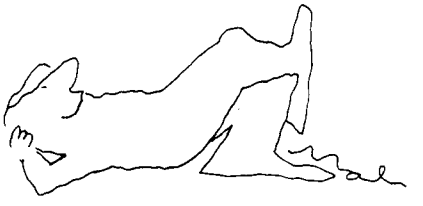
the President, as an Ivy League intellectual, and Henry Kissinger, as a one-time Rockefeller aide and a foreigner who said "zis" and "ve" and preferred Le Cygne to a backyard cookout. Of these three men, only Kissinger, who graduated from the post of Special Assistant for National Affairs to more glittering duties, thrived in Haldeman's White House: but he was "our foreigner" and in any event tight with the Boss. In the fall of 1969 Burns (admittedly *not* a shrewd administrator) was ensconced as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, thus creating a power vacuum that the Chief of Staff promptly filled; while Moynihan, gravely embarrassed by the mysterious leaking by the White House to the *New York Times* of his naughtily illiberal memos, went back to Cambridge at the end of 1970. In all of these maneuvers, the hand of Haldeman was clearly perceived.

With the succession of Ehrlichman to Burns's old job "a certain Rubicon was crossed." The arrogance of their delegated authority grew upon Haldeman and Ehrlichman in the most unpleasant way. Shortly before Wally Hickel at Interior was—most deservedly—fired in 1970, he was alerted to his peril by a call from Haldeman in which the latter disinvited him from Sundays' command prayer meetings. All that Haldeman would say about the origin of the decision was that the President had been in the room at the time that it was taken. Less than two years later —shortly before the second inaugural —Haldeman telephoned Senator Hugh Scott to tell him that as Minority Leader he had done a lousy job and to ask him to step down. When Scott demanded to know whether the request came from Nixon, Haldeman informed him merely that Ehrlichman concurred in it.

No doubt the Nixon Administration could have survived even so distorted a chain of command had the President been a man of fundamental strength and self-assurance, resistant to the J. Walter Iago who played upon his worst instincts. But even after the unpleasantness at Chappaquiddick, which removed the heir to Camelot as a potential opponent in 1972, Haldeman seems to have jostled Nixon with his paranoiac plans and suspicions, reinforcing his chief's determination not to be cheated at the polls in the next go-round. Indeed, the disservice done Nixon by Haldeman's perfervid alarums was matched only by the damage inflicted upon Nixon's career by Haldeman's frequently defective sense of political strategy. It was Haldeman who urged Nixon to confront the newsmen in 1962; Haldeman who urged Nixon to barnstorm the country in 1970, and then to broadcast the Phoenix speech on election eve; Haldeman who had the idea of taping White House conversations. But Nixon is a deeply insecure man, harried by bats and succubi. He needed Bob Haldeman, for a multiplicity of reasons; and like Othello, he was a sucker for handkerchiefs.

Rather-Gates believe that under the Nixon Administration "it was the Sixties that came to seem irrelevant, not Nixon," and that by 1972 "Nixon's Presidency had become the dominant reality for all Americans. . . ." Well, of course. But this is not to say that the present conservative—albeit anti-Republican—mood of the country is accurately represented by that Presi-



dency, which had no more to do with conservatism than the Ku Klux Klan has to do with Christianity. For one thing, conservatives are people whose beliefs, if not immutable, at least aspire to represent values and standards that they believe reflect immutable truths. Certainly it is impossible to believe that the Nixon cabal believed in much else than victory at the polls. For another, conservatives are people who believe, with Russell Kirk, that order is not only "the first need of the soul" but also "The first need of the commonwealth: it is not possible for us to live in peace with one another, unless we recognize some principle of order by which to do justice."

Perhaps Republicans, facing the electorate, had cause this fall to feel apologetic. Certainly conservatives had not. ☐

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NASH
(Continued from page 1411)

haps Amnesty meant to distinguish between "Stalinist" practices ("physical pressure") and psychiatric torture techniques now in vogue. But that is not what the sentence actually says, nor is this distinction sustained by the evidence. (The report notes that political prisoners in the USSR are still being "beaten"—obviously a form of "physical pressure.") Amnesty immediately follows its assertion about the end of "government-sanctioned" torture with the statement: "With a few exceptions . . . no reports on the use of torture in Eastern Europe have been reaching the outside world in the past decade." Encouraging? How can we tell? Amnesty evidently considers this to be an indication that "government-sanctioned torture" has ended. It could also simply reflect Amnesty's difficulty in obtaining access to Communist countries. The thesis of Amnesty's report is that torture by government is spreading like an epidemic around the world. Isn't it odd that torture is increasing almost everywhere that Amnesty looks—*except* in Eastern Europe and the USSR?

Much of Amnesty's torture report is substantive and useful. It is all the more disappointing, then, for a work of such potential importance to be subverted by the siren call of ideology. As, for example, in its description of the Attica prison uprising in 1971:

> There was a riot against what the [McKay Commission] report called the "petty humiliations and racism that characterize prison life." (Most of the inmates are blacks or Puerto Ricans.) Despite pleas, the Governor of New York State refused to make an appearance. The subsequent police assault on the prison left ten guards and 33, mostly minority group, inmates dead—killed by the police. It was, said the report, "the worst bloodletting of Americans by Americans since the Civil War." No killings were committed by the prisoners. Yet after the assault the prisoners were subjected to "vengeful reprisals" by the prison authorities, according to the report.

This is—to put it mildly—a singularly one-sided account. It says absolutely nothing about what the rioters *did* during the siege: their brutal murder of a fellow inmate, their taking of hostages, their threats to kill, their use of weapons. Instead, relying solely on a controversial (and, of course, liberal) interpretation of Attica, the paragraph creates the impression that the prisoners were innocent victims of a racist society and unjustified punishment.

Perhaps the most inexcusable lapse from Amnesty's avowed neutrality is its recently published report on Chile since the coup of September 1973. It bluntly accuses the current military regime of a coup "of astonishing savagery," of gross repression of human rights that continues "unabated," of systematic torture, massive violations of law, and a "death roll of victims" that is "unprecedented in recent Latin American history."

To be sure, Amnesty does not completely overlook the evidence against Allende. It quotes at length the junta's "White Book," which documents the plot of the Allende forces (known as Plan Z) to stage a bloody coup of their own—a putsch which the military averted by only one week. Confronted by this evidence, Amnesty inexplicably reverts to neutrality. "It is not for Amnesty International," it says, "to evaluate the validity of the evidence for or against the existence of Plan Z." Yet if this plot did exist (as many competent observers believe), would it not compel Amnesty to revise its interpretation of the coup? How could it continue to assert that suppression of freedom was never the "deliberate policy" of Allende's regime? How could it continue to insist that the junta "took the first step in institutionalizing violence" if the Allendistas themselves were conspiring to institutionalize violence by a revolution? In effect, Amnesty is trying to have it both ways; the Allende government, it asserts, was constitutional and democratic, and it's not for Amnesty to evaluate the principal evidence to the contrary!

This discussion would be unnecessary if Amnesty International had scrupulously adhered to its professed ideal of neutrality. Amnesty's proper concern should be prisoners, not regimes, and current abuses, not the issue of whether present wrongs are greater or lesser than those of prior governments. But in this case, as in others, Amnesty has been unable to refrain from political judgments—and questionable ones indeed.

And while doing so it has avoided the most momentous questions of all: are there circumstances in which the social fabric can be so tattered that the unrestricted practice of civil liberty is temporarily impossible? One hesitates even to raise such an issue because one hopes that no country will have to endure what Chile has suffered. But it does no good to flee reality, and the

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Since the launching of our space probes, we have all seen how small the earth and its role in the cosmos really are. Men have ventured a short distance beyond the earth's atmosphere. But how insignificant our space flights seem, compared with the immensity of space itself!

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ominous possibility is that Chile may be a prototype of things to come. As the liberal journal *Hemispherica* has observed, the recent coup was the tragic but inevitable culmination of social chaos and virtual civil war. Nations at war with themselves and riven by economic catastrophe are unlikely to pay much attention to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. As Edward Korry, a former American ambassador to Chile, said recently, "If you were to have 700 per cent a year inflation in this country, you would have a government like they have in Chile." (Amnesty's report never mentions the devastating inflation under Allende.)

I am not saying that Amnesty or anyone else should applaud the absence of democracy in Chile or should not advocate a restoration of civil liberty as rapidly as possible. But if Amnesty wishes to deter the counterrevolutions it abhors, it should not subtly absolve the revolutionaries who provoke them. And it should not selectively, even extravagantly, denounce counterrevolutionaries for abridging liberties that revolutionaries have already subverted. Otherwise it stands accused of a failing diagnosed by James Burnham years ago: the "moral asymmetry" of liberalism, whose *preferred* enemy is always—and only—on the right.

I would not want to close on so negative a note. Amnesty International performs many humanitarian deeds, and I respect the dedication of the Amnesty officers I interviewed. But Amnesty is now at the crossroads, and sober self-examination is needed if it is to overcome the persistent tendencies that threaten to politicize, radicalize, and ultimately vitiate its mission. Many American Amnesty officials are aware of these pressures and are distressed at the absence of conservatives, in particular, from their organization. They sincerely believe that Amnesty should appeal to all segments of the ideological spectrum. If Amnesty is to achieve such a goal, however, it must renew its commitment to the limited, specific—and generally laudable—purposes for which it was founded. It must resist the impulse toward indiscriminate activism, the tendency to become a crisis organization, the temptations of radical chic. It must abandon tokenism: a solitary conservative on the masthead surrounded by dozens of liberals.

Above all, it must learn to make some fundamental distinctions—both theoretical and practical—and to overcome the blandishments of ritualistic liberalism and the perils of selective indignation. In evaluating its candidates for adoption, it must ponder such questions as these: Should the claim of conscience exempt an individual from the legal consequences of his actions, so long as these acts are "nonviolent"? Is leadership of a totalitarian political movement a legitimate expression of "conscience"? Does Amnesty sufficiently analyze the concrete *circumstances* of a case, or are its findings too often clouded by abstract ideology and unexamined sentiment?

Is such a program of reform too difficult to initiate? In order to remedy the current ideological imbalance on Amnesty's masthead, for example, why not add *several* eminent conservatives, such as Ernest van den Haag, William Rusher, James J. Kilpatrick, Walter Berns, and M. Stanton Evans? And why not appoint some prominent conservative politicians to complement the Javitses, Abourezks, and Clarks? Can Amnesty expect conservatives to accept unquestioningly the soundness of its judgments on individual prisoners when one of its most active recruiters publicly states: "I don't believe in prisons"? If Amnesty really wishes to broaden its base, balancing its Boards and Councils would be an appropriate way to begin. Nor is it hard to specify other measures that would improve its reputation among conservatives. In recent weeks literally thousands of rightwingers in Portugal have been arrested as the new government veers toward the far left. No doubt Amnesty will adopt some of these prisoners, but will it go further? Will it try to enter Portugal and publish a report similar to its studies of Chile, Brazil, and Indonesia? Will it summon the same resources, machinery of publicity, and intensity of feeling that have marked its unremitting campaign against Chile? Until Amnesty can point to such evidence of reform, American conservatives will understandably—and properly—be reluctant to support it.

Amnesty people say that they're doing the best they can. In the words of Mark Benenson: "The organization itself, considering where its principal support comes from, has really done a very fair job of staying in the middle." This is Amnesty's redeeming virtue: at least some of its members are trying to stay "in the middle." One hopes they will succeed—for the sake of forgotten "prisoners of conscience" for whom Amnesty remains an inspiration and a hope. □

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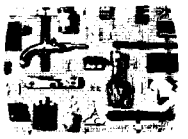

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Israel, South Africa, and the General Assembly

New York, Nov. 18—The day before Arafat addressed the United Nations General Assembly, a move was taken against South Africa, the implications of which harmonize with the invitation to Arafat, and possibly outweigh it. The two episodes suggest what has struck many observers of the United Nations as inevitable: namely, that the General Assembly of the United Nations is going down into that state of ratified uselessness which its irresponsibility has invited.

Concerning South Africa, here is the background. a) Everybody dislikes apartheid. b) Everybody is supposed to dislike all forms of tyranny. c) In fact, at the United Nations, tyranny—defined as rule by the minority, by force—is the modus vivendi of most of the voters. The tyrannies range from such absolute despotisms as China's, to the comparatively benign despotism of, say, Kenya. d) But the only tyrannies against which the United Nations mobilizes are those that are either counter-revolutionary in nature (e.g., Chile's), or racial: specifically, white against black (South Africa, Rhodesia). White against white (Russia) is all right, and black against brown (Uganda) is all right, but not white against black. e) Accordingly, South Africa has been the special target of the highly specified moralism of General Assembly rhetoric.

Now the problem arose a year ago, what could the General Assembly do about South Africa, given that the Charter prescribes that only the Security Council can admit a member to the UN, and only the Security Council can expel a member. In the Security Council, anti-South Africa specialists correctly concluded, England, the United States, and France would veto any move for expulsion.

So they hit on the idea of "denying" the credentials of the ambassador dispatched by the government of South Africa as its representative. Now in order to get a seat in the General Assembly, a thing called the Credentials Committee receives the papers of a delegate, and satisfies itself that these are properly executed by a responsible official of the government dispatching said delegate to New York (usually the secretary of state, or his equivalent). This is a purely formal operation, but in it the anti-South Africa strategists saw their opportunity.

Why not either pack the Credentials Committee so that it will "deny" the authenticity of the letter of accreditation; or, if they don't succeed there, ask the General Assembly to vote to reject the conclusion of the Credentials Committee?

Last year, the gang took this strategy right to the brink. The Assembly stopped just short of taking the credentials away from the South African ambassador.

This time they went all the way. First they asked for South Africa's expulsion, which was vetoed. Then they denied the accreditation. And now by a vote of 91 to 22, the General Assembly has denied the South African representative the right to set foot inside the United Nations. This is, of course, the equivalent of ejecting South Africa. To be a member of the UN without the right to select your own ambassador makes membership in the UN an abstraction.

So, South Africa will soon discover what Taiwan has discovered. That life outside the United Nations is altogether possible. Indeed, it is cheaper, and allows a country that extraordinary liberation of divesting itself of institutional attachments altogether hypocritical in nature.

The UN's simultaneous invitation to Arafat of the PLO to speak as the representative of the Palestinian people undermines the constitutional structure of the UN, which, although it hasn't always recognized de facto governments, has never recognized governments in exile. The temptation to do this arose last year in connection with Cambodia. If the General Assembly, following its own logic, declines at the next session to recognize the Israeli ambassador, it might go so far as to rule that Arafat is the logical representative of the Israeli people.

To such preposterous lengths the General Assembly is apparently willing to go, and the result, of course, will be that it will gradually phase out as an organ with which serious people do business. Its passage from the scene would leave this observer dry-eyed, but the tragedy is that in the process, it is coaxing along another war in the Mideast, and this could be the big one. □

CALLING SENATOR JACKSON

New York, Nov. 18—Do you read the London *Times*? (Neither do I, but someone sent me a copy.) Unless it happened that you did, you would probably not be aware of a recent communication from Dr. Andrei Sakharov, the famous Russian dissident physicist. Dr. Sakharov's latest act of valor has been to protest, along with three colleagues in the Soviet Human Rights Movement, a recent act of oppression by the Soviet Union.

The appeal tells us that a Mr. Vins will be tried in his home city of Kiev under Article 209-1 of the Ukrainian Criminal Code. This article penalizes the infringement of citizens' rights on the pretext of conducting religious rites. Apparently Soviet authorities have relied more and more on this particular Article, because it provides for a longer prison sentence—ten years plus exile—than other Articles commonly applied to believers. It appears that, in fact, Mr. Vins is being charged with "living on the means of believers and, in this way, infringing their material rights." But, the appeal points out, "it is obvious and well known that the Church puts no compulsion on believers to contribute money."

"And second," Sakharov continues, "how can the authorities make such charges when, for their devotion to God, believers are fined thousands of rubles, all their religious literature is confiscated and destroyed during hundreds of house searches . . . musical instruments are destroyed, prayer houses are razed, parents have their children removed from them, and the road to

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any education beyond secondary school is barred to young believers?"

Now there are several extraordinary things here. Not the persecution of yet another Christian—that is a staple of Communist oppression in the Soviet Union. It is remarkable that Dr. Sakharov, himself an atheist, should bestir himself—should honor the freedom of religious conscience even of those who disagree with him. Extraordinary and noble.

Another remarkable feature of this story is that Sakharov's appeal was addressed to the World Council of Churches two weeks ago, and at this writing has not, so far as I am aware, been acknowledged.

What is unremarkable about it is that the persecution of Georgii Vins, and of his fellow Christians, causes not a ripple in the Christian world. If I were a Christian living in the Soviet Union, I would address my appeals not to Christian authorities outside the Iron Curtain, but to Jewish groups. It is they and only they who have the conscience left to protest. The Palestine Liberation Organization has probably tortured and murdered a few hundred people in the past twenty years. In protest against their spokesman being invited to the United Nations, organized Jewish groups mounted the most impressive meeting in recent New York history.

ONLY A FEW weeks ago, Senator Jackson's protest against Soviet restrictions on Jewish emigration finally cracked the impasse: and for the first time we can remember, we faced down the Soviet Union, which has promised to swell the quota hugely. I really do not think it has occurred to Senator Jackson to introduce complementary legislation denying favorable economic treatment to the Soviet Union unless it grants religious liberty to Georgii Vins.

He, of course, is only a symbol, as Sakharov's protest shows, citing the systematic and continued persecutions. In 1974 there have been (so far) a dozen trials of Russian Baptists. Indeed a second appeal of Sakharov concerns the imminent trial of six Lithuanian Catholics. It too is addressed by Dr. Sakharov to the World Council of Churches but also to the 1974 Synod of the Roman Catholic Church, which until recently was meeting in Rome. Both bodies were asked "to speak out in defense of the people who have been arrested for their religious beliefs." Maybe one of these bodies has done so, but not in my presence. Or yours, I warrant. The World Council of Churches has been too busy denouncing Rhodesia to worry about the Soviet Union. The Catholics are trying to put some order back into their house, and if there is great concern among the bishops for the persecution of Christians in Russia and China, they must have given up that concern for Lent—about ten years ago, which is the last time I heard, from a pulpit, a denunciation of Communist persecution of the Christians.

I do not expect to hear any such denunciations from Senator Jackson's pulpit. So that I say this quite sincerely: this is an appeal to American Jews to put pressure on American Christians to help Russian Christians. □

ARAFAT AT THE UN

New York, Nov. 22 —The style of Arafat is now transcribed, and it spells danger: to Israel, of course; but elsewhere also. We learn that he had been most strenuously coached by those—for instance, French diplomats—who cared greatly that he should leave a civilized impression with the United Nations and the American public. It was even urged upon him that he shave that morning, and perhaps even wear a tie. On this one he went halfway—shaving, but leaving off the tie. What distinguished him, almost immediately, was his determination to play an imperial role, imperiously.

It took him an age to get down to the problems of the Palestinian refugees. First he felt the necessity of giving us his synoptic view of the world scene, much as, say, it would have been expected of Pope Paul, or Winston Churchill, or Thomas Babington Macaulay. Suddenly one found oneself listening to Arafat giving his views on Cambodia, which are as interesting, and as well informed, as Li'l Abner's. Then on to the dreamy and conventional rhetoric about the rich nations and the poor nations, a lot about Africa, and the fight against colonialism; and, finally, to Palestine.

It was Arafat's day. He had carefully touched on the liveliest prejudices of the United Nations General Assembly, massaging them all: the fight for liberation in Cambodia, capitalist exploitation, imperialism, colonialism, the debts owed by the large nations to the exploited nations. His intention was to establish that here was no parochial desert rat, interested only in the narrow question of irredentism for his confused constituency. Here was a voice of a people declaring their solidarity with that overwhelming majority of the United Nations that, flouting tradition, had invited as a de facto representative of a nonexisting state, a spokesman pledged not only to having his way through the use of terror (that has become conventional, and the wonder of it is that the World Council of Churches hasn't yet appropriated bundles for Arafat, as it did for Frelimo in Mozambique); he pledged himself to a solution in the Middle East which requires the lowering of Israel's flag. He did not use those words, preferring the standard euphemism, which speaks about a secular state, where "Jews, Moslems, and Christians live together in justice, equality, and fraternity."

Now this is probably a bargaining position. If Arafat had taken the occasion to inform the United Nations that he was prepared to recognize the sovereignty of Israel over an expanse of territory, however redefined, he'd have had to leave the chamber protected by all those helicopters and submachine guns not from Jewish terrorists, but from Arab terrorists who would have been out for his treacherous blood. If the Palestine Liberation Organization finally yields on the matter of a sovereign Israeli state, it will have to come as the evolution of extensive negotiations, probably interrupted by miniwars.

THE FACT of it is that we are all much, much worse off than pre-Rabat. The decision to recognize Arafat transfuses a fresh intransigence into the negotiations. Arafat is fired by a people made irreversibly bitter by what they consider twenty years of persecution and exile. A few months ago—even a few weeks ago—the moderate Arab states were in apparent control and a rhythm had been established. Now the Sadat who spoke reasonably with Kissinger is made out to look like a quisling; King Hussein is presented with the requirement of yielding his claims on the West Bank to Arafat, and weakening his own already deteriorated position. And, in Syria, one can almost hear the guns, tattooing a renewed resolution to holy war.

What looms as the proximate problem? It is Arafat's announced intention of exercising sovereignty over the West Bank. Combined with Israel's eternal pledge not to permit it to happen. Whether before the clash comes there can be negotiations depends, substantially, on the United States, without whose advance commitment to sustain it, Israel could not launch another war. And the United States, world-weary on so many fronts, is not as easygoing as it used to be on such matters. The prospects are grim, and the swaggering performance of Arafat, made possible by the impacted irresponsibility of the United Nations, brings us closer to war. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A workman who might go broke paying union dues — 30 113 25 23 60 63 71 176 197 202 / 153 217 7 47 93

B. Troublesomely urgent — 196 148 4 166 19 121 160 1 180 210 / 216

C. A meld of the king and queen of a suit, as in pinochle — 123 18 39 52 103 86 139 201

D. Said the little lawyer man, . . . "You have a nice fat——." — 143 226 200 104 111 203

E. Ignis Fatuus — 3 56 44 21 66 48 98 188 34 74 / 127 168

F. Lace, embroidery, or the like, to be sewn at each edge between parts of other material — 22 105 225 53 192 157 149 129 75

G. A source of milk — 78 41 133 218 117 76 159 140 37

H. A craving for intoxicating liquor — 54 122 29 100 174 230 16 57 87 126

I. A tree or an insect — 14 55 9 31 40 43

J. Secretary of war, 1809-1813 — 112 8 106 219 144 161

K. A beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord (Ephesians 6:21) — 131 79 42 211 152 186 91 11

L. The antecedent of a conditional proposition — 136 59 97 107 156 158 191 213 141 173

M. An inlet of the sea at the lower end of a river — 154 165 227 81 189 206 185

N. A character popularized by Westbrook Pegler — 178 2 199 5 58 170 193 17 24 208 / 65 115 95

O. Seldom encountered — 6 61 73 77 12 20 26 38 85 96 / 99

P. Intermittent insanity — 187 119 145 162 155 82

Q. Modification of body parts for performance of particular functions — 164 36 108 116 124 130 146 190 198 45 / 62 88 94 118 138

R. A round, low-crowned, hard-felt hat with a wide brim — 68 110 15 223 222 207 134 214 33

S. Formed crudely — 92 209 84 179 49 132 27 125 163

T. One of these United States — 101 83 70 28

U. Pain and stiffness from muscular strain in an arm or leg — 171 89 64 120 215 221 69 228 80 142 / 150 182

V. A type of grasshopper — 46 35 135 51 151 169 183

W. An ex-empress who was a widow for forty-seven years — 50 205 181 229 32 137 195

X. A dwelling having at least one side wall in common with a neighboring dwelling — 67 90 128 220 224 177 147 212

Y. A type of commissioned Army or Navy man — 114 10 13 109 167 204 175 194 72 102 / 172 184

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1426 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 B	2 N	3 E		4 B	5 N	6 O	7 A	8 J	9 I	10 Y	11 K		12 O	13 Y	14 I	15 R		16 H	17 N
18 C	19 B	20 O		21 E	22 F	23 A	24 N		25 A	26 O	27 S	28 T	29 H		30 A	31 I	32 W	33 R	
34 E	35 V	36 Q	37 G	38 O	39 C	40 I		41 G	42 K	43 I		44 E	45 Q	46 V	47 A		48 E	49 S	50 W
51 V	52 C	53 F		54 H	55 I	56 E	57 H	58 N		59 L	60 A	61 O		62 Q		63 A	64 U	65 N	66 E
67 X		68 R	69 U		70 T	71 A	72 Y	73 O	74 E	75 F	76 G		77 O	78 G		79 K	80 U	81 M	
82 P	83 T	84 S		85 O	86 C	87 H	88 Q		89 U	90 X	91 K	92 S	93 A		94 Q	95 N		96 O	
97 L	98 E	99 O	100H	101T	102Y	103C	104D	105F	106J		107L	108Q	109Y	110R	111D	112J		113A	114Y
	115N	116Q		117G	118Q	119P	120U		121B	122H	123C	124Q		125S	126H	127E		128X	129F
130Q	131K	132S		133G	134R	135V	136L	137W	138Q	139C		140G	141L	142U	143D	144J	145P	146Q	147X
	148B	149F	150U	151V	152K	153A	154M	155P	156L		157F	158L	159G	160B	161J	162P	163S	164Q	165M
	166B	167Y		168E	169V	170N	171U	172Y	173L		174H	175Y		176A	177X	178N	179S	180B	181W
182U		183V	184Y	185M		186K	187P	188E	189M	190Q	191L	192F	193N		194Y	195W	196B	197A	
198Q	199N		200D	201C	202A		203D	204Y	205W	206M		207R	208N	209S	210B	211K	212X	213L	
214R	215U	216B	217A	218G		219J	220X	221U	222R		223R	224X	225F	226D		227M	228U	229W	230H

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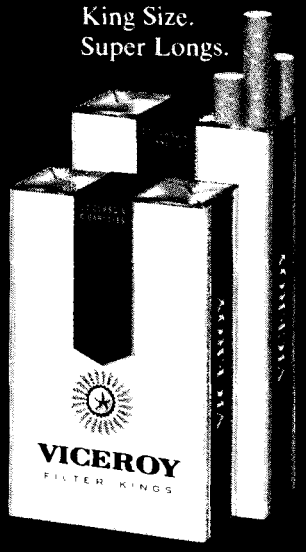

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